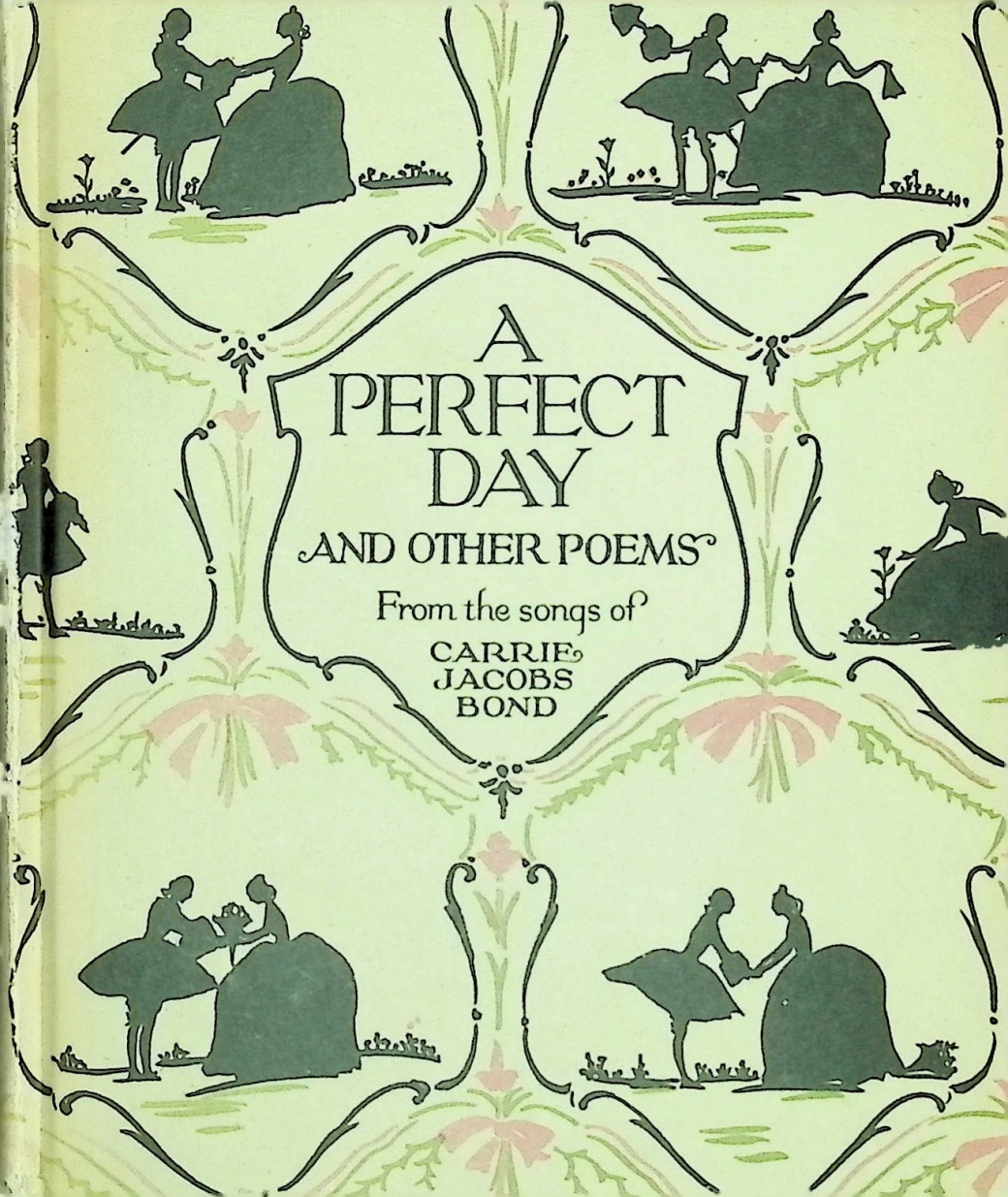
A
PERFECT
DAY
AND OTHER POEMS
From the songs of
CARRIE
JACOBS
BOND

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and
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CARRIE JACOBS BOND

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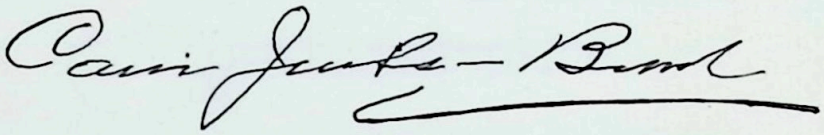
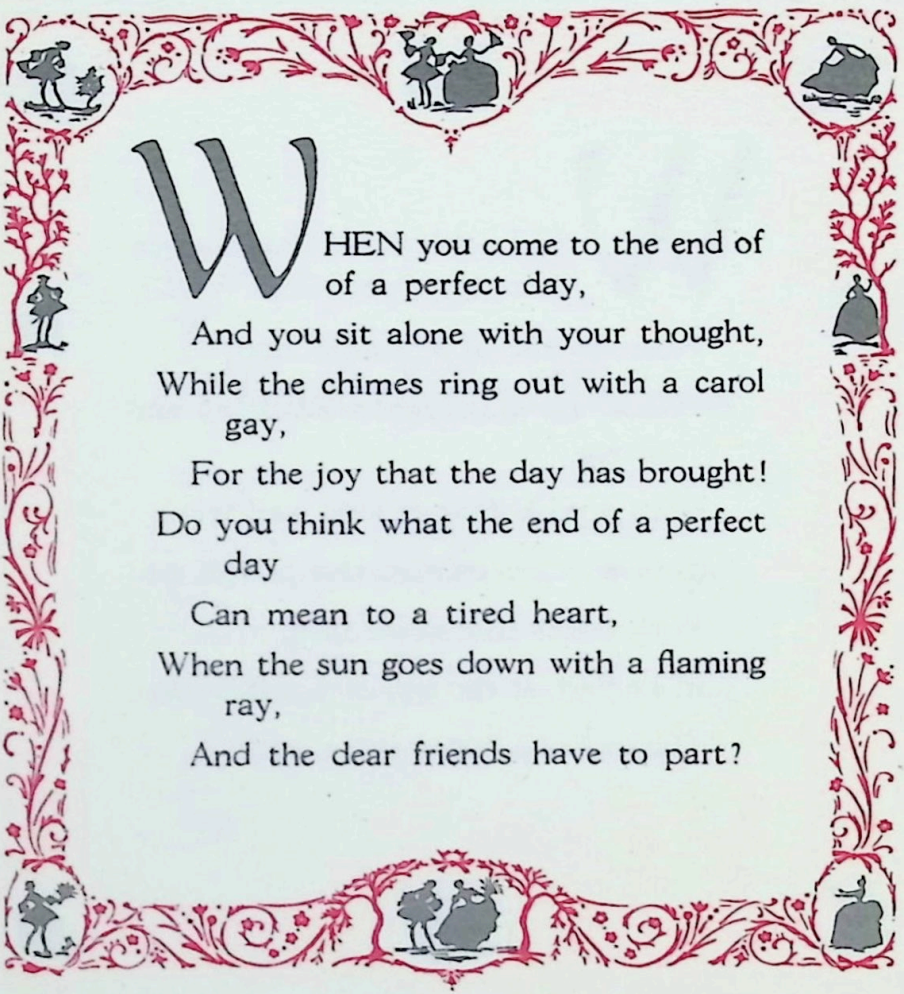
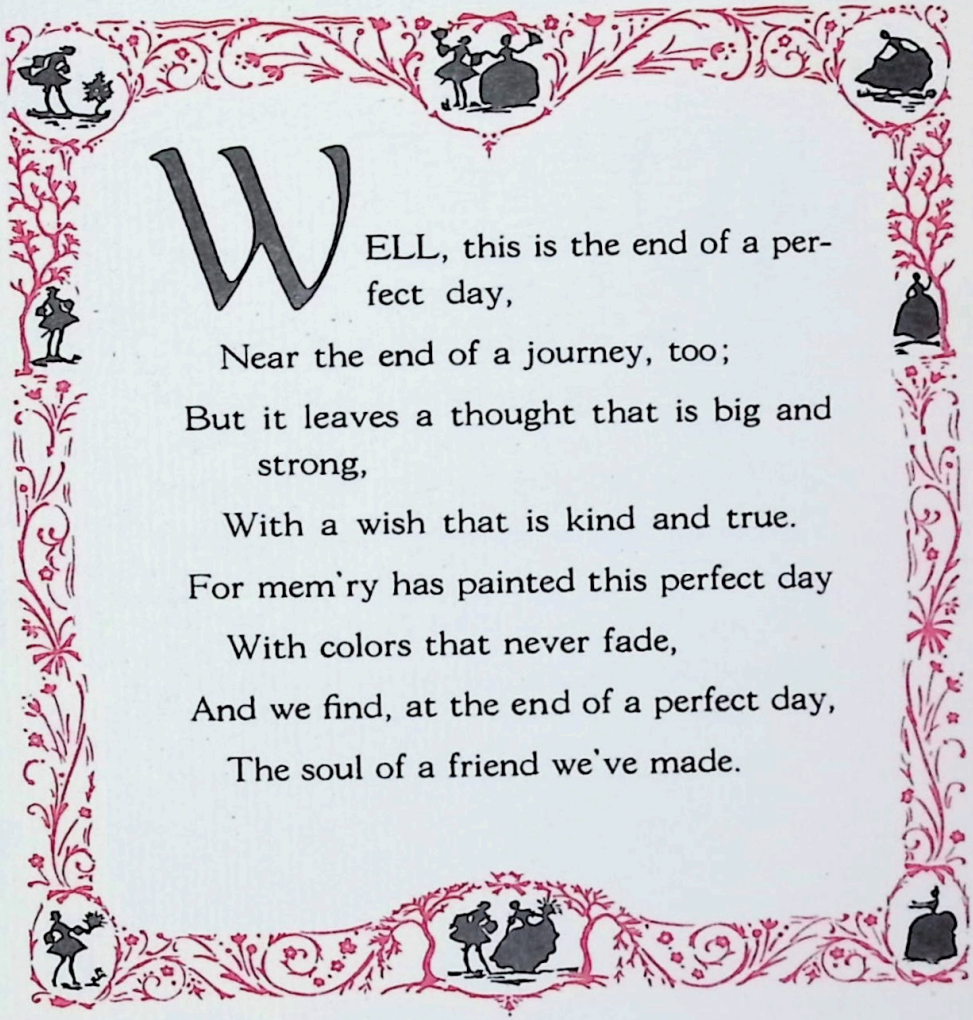


A Perfect Day



WHEN you come to the end of
of a perfect day,
And you sit alone with your thought,
While the chimes ring out with a carol
gay,
For the joy that the day has brought!
Do you think what the end of a perfect
day
Can mean to a tired heart,
When the sun goes down with a flaming
ray,
And the dear friends have to part?



WELL, this is the end of a perfect day,
Near the end of a journey, too;
But it leaves a thought that is big and strong,
With a wish that is kind and true.
For mem'ry has painted this perfect day
With colors that never fade,
And we find, at the end of a perfect day,
The soul of a friend we've made.

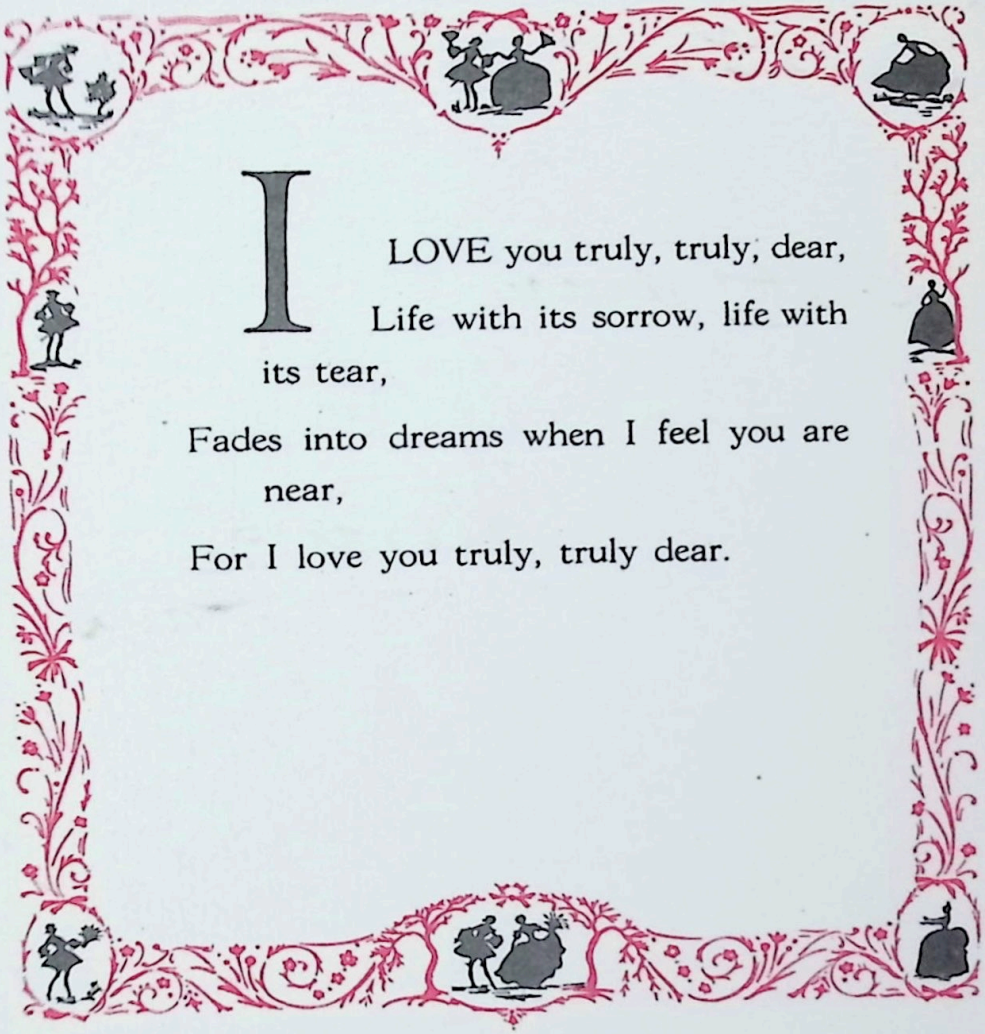
To the dearest and
sweetest girl I know

Betty dear

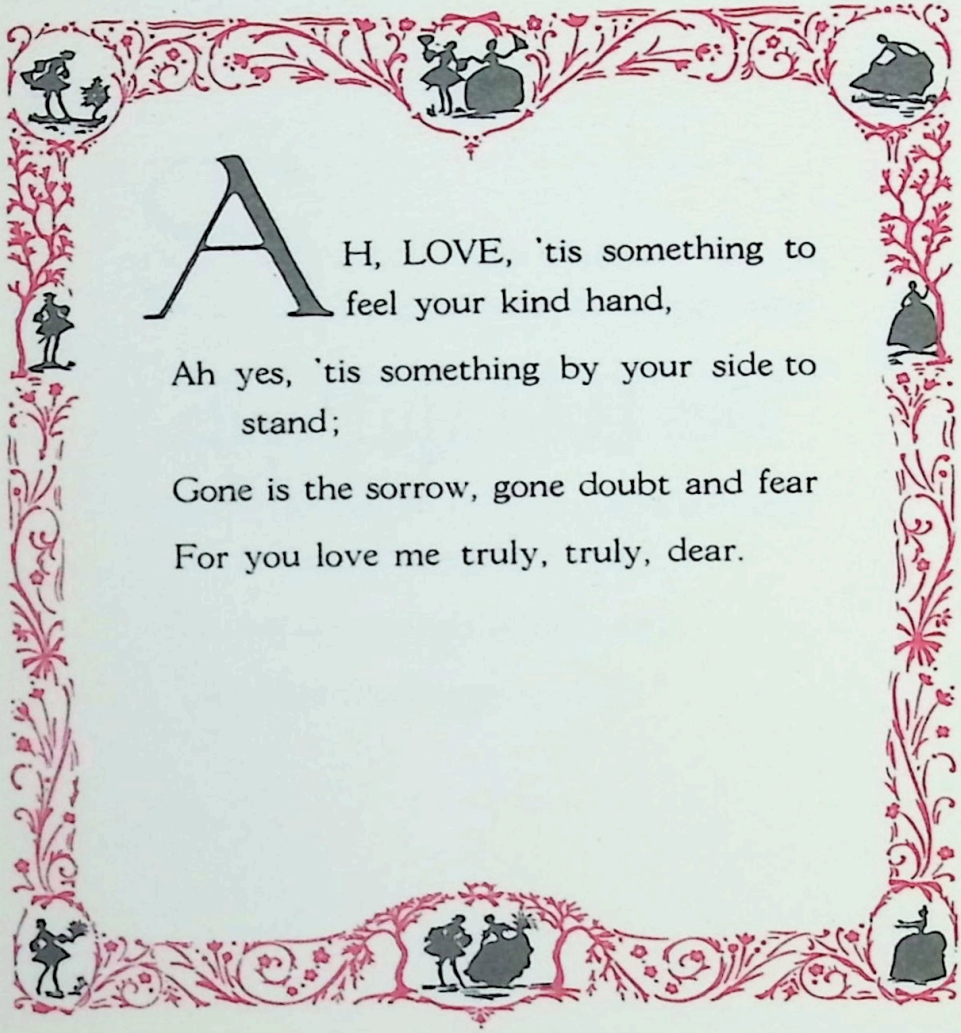
I Love You Truly

always

"Faye"



I LOVE you truly, truly, dear,
Life with its sorrow, life with its tear,
Fades into dreams when I feel you are near,
For I love you truly, truly dear.



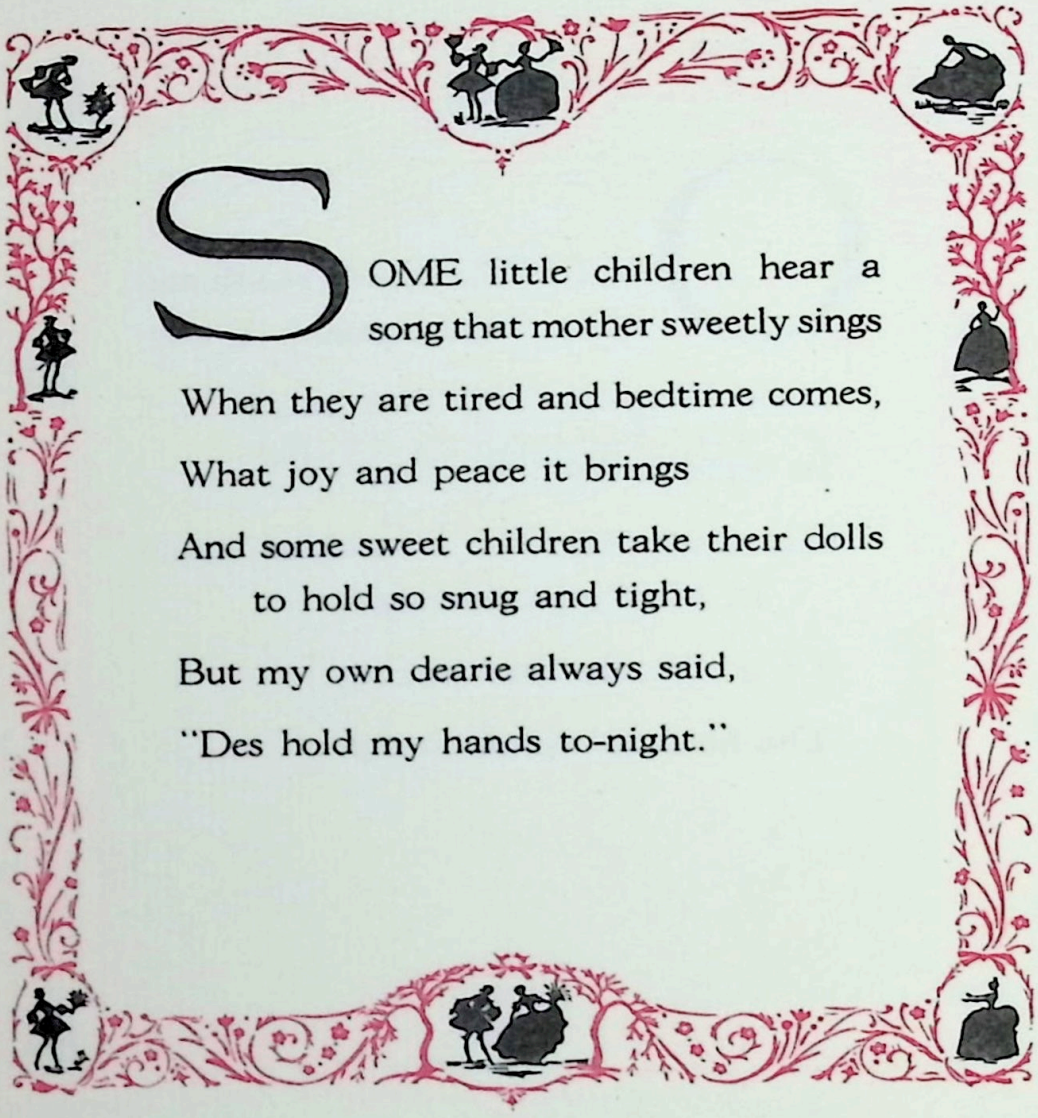
AH, LOVE, 'tis something to feel your kind hand,

Ah yes, 'tis something by your side to stand;

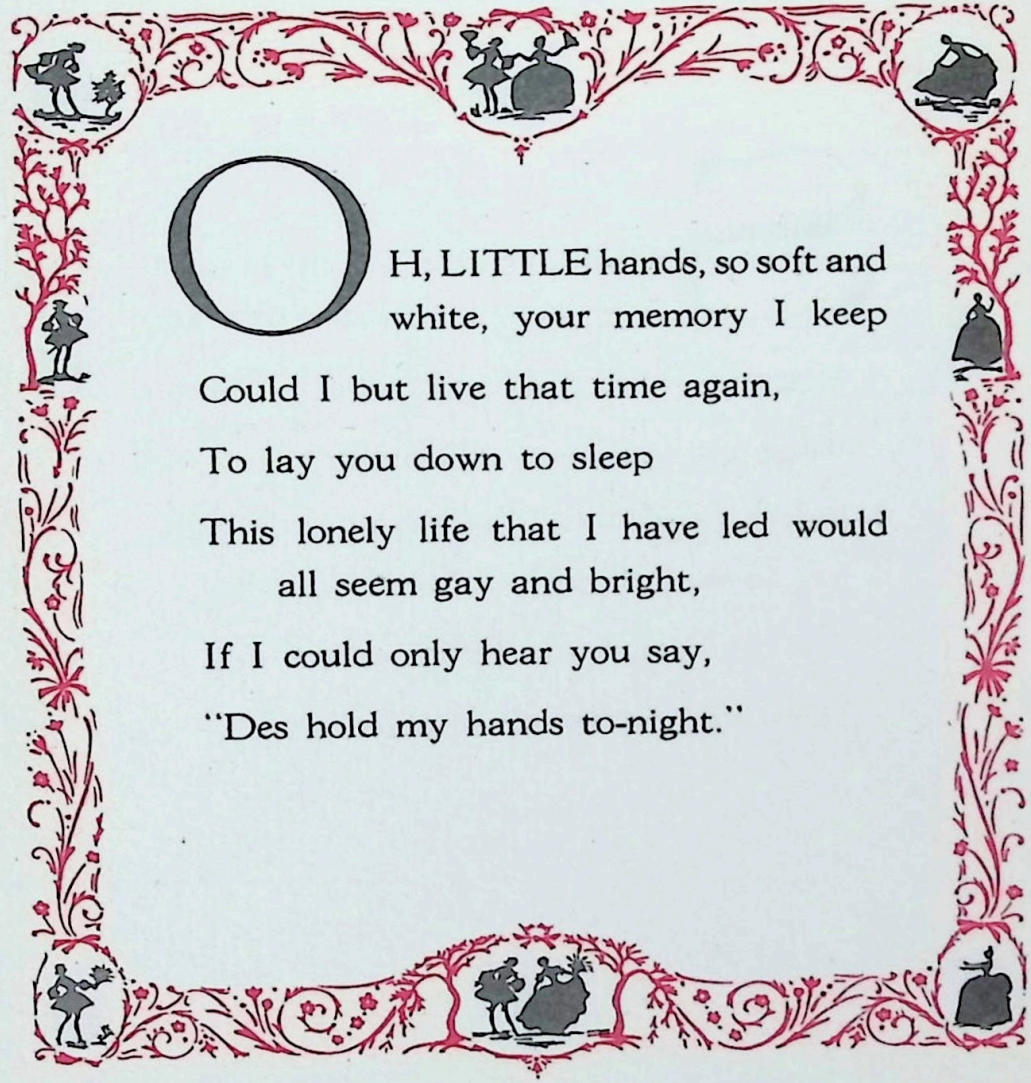
Gone is the sorrow, gone doubt and fear

For you love me truly, truly, dear.

Des Hold My Hands Tonight



SOME little children hear a
song that mother sweetly sings
When they are tired and bedtime comes,
What joy and peace it brings
And some sweet children take their dolls
to hold so snug and tight,
But my own dearie always said,
"Des hold my hands to-night."



OH, LITTLE hands, so soft and white, your memory I keep

Could I but live that time again,

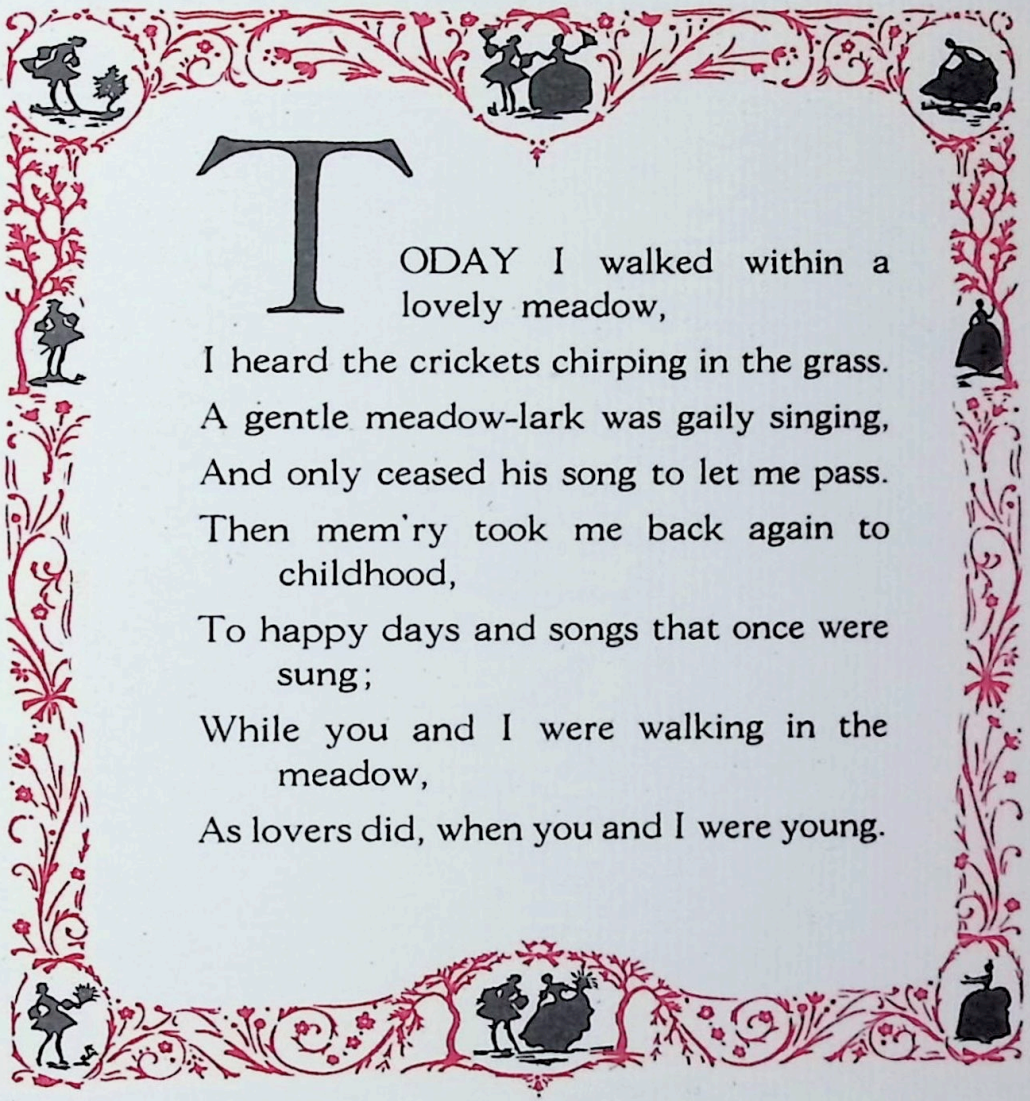
To lay you down to sleep

This lonely life that I have led would all seem gay and bright,

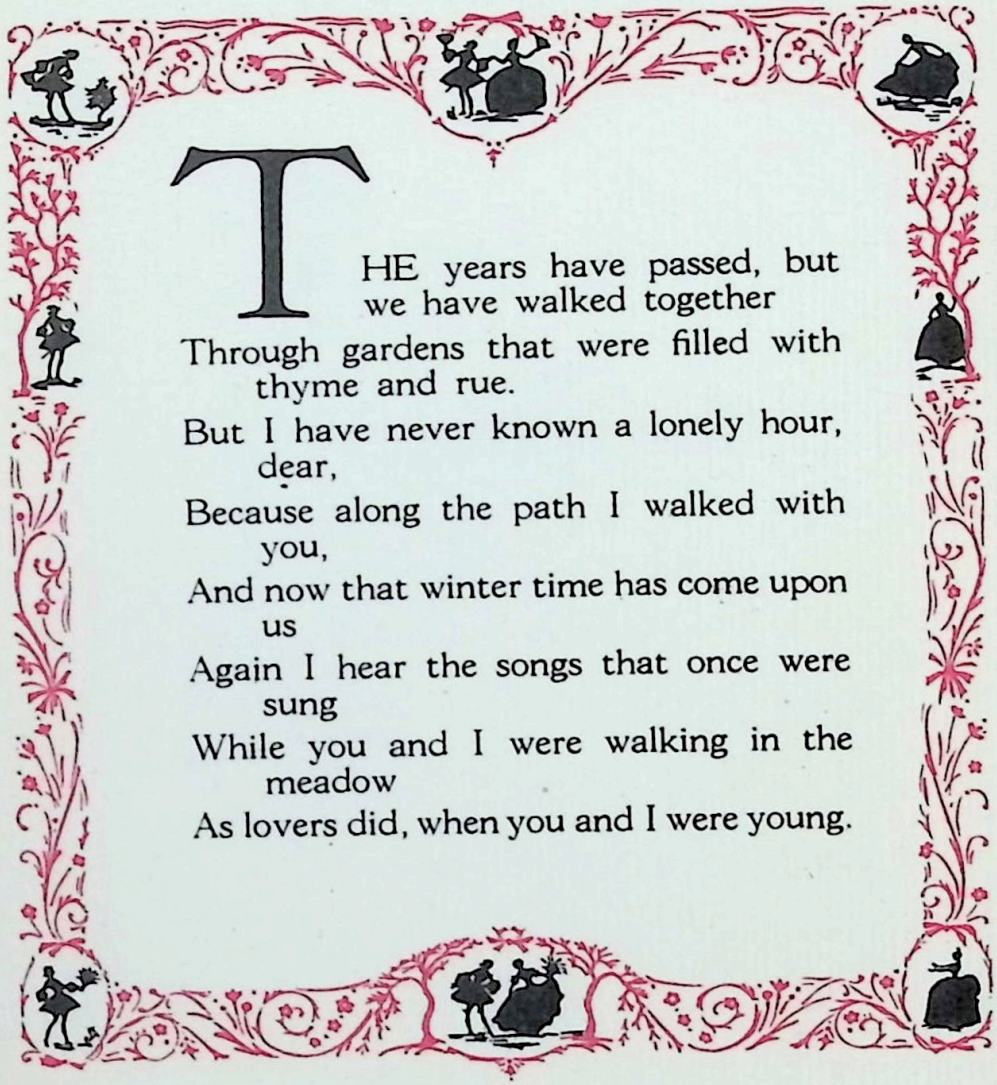
If I could only hear you say,

"Des hold my hands to-night."

In the Meadow

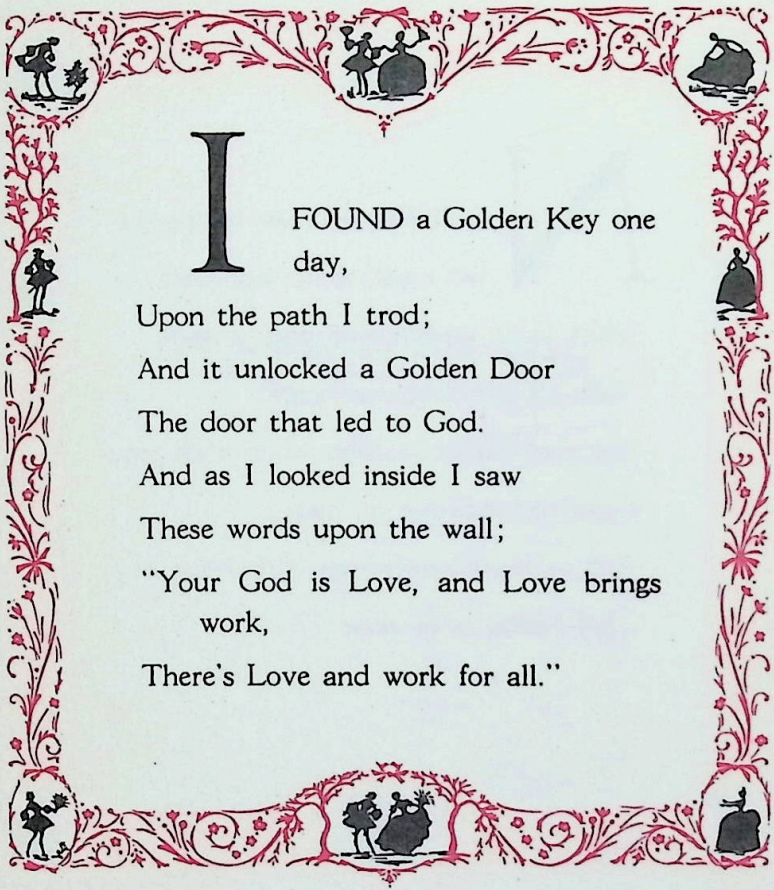


TODAY I walked within a lovely meadow,
I heard the crickets chirping in the grass.
A gentle meadow-lark was gaily singing,
And only ceased his song to let me pass.
Then mem'ry took me back again to childhood,
To happy days and songs that once were sung;
While you and I were walking in the meadow,
As lovers did, when you and I were young.



THE years have passed, but
we have walked together
Through gardens that were filled with
thyme and rue.
But I have never known a lonely hour,
dear,
Because along the path I walked with
you,
And now that winter time has come upon
us
Again I hear the songs that once were
sung
While you and I were walking in the
meadow
As lovers did, when you and I were young.

The Golden Key



I FOUND a Golden Key one day,

Upon the path I trod;

And it unlocked a Golden Door

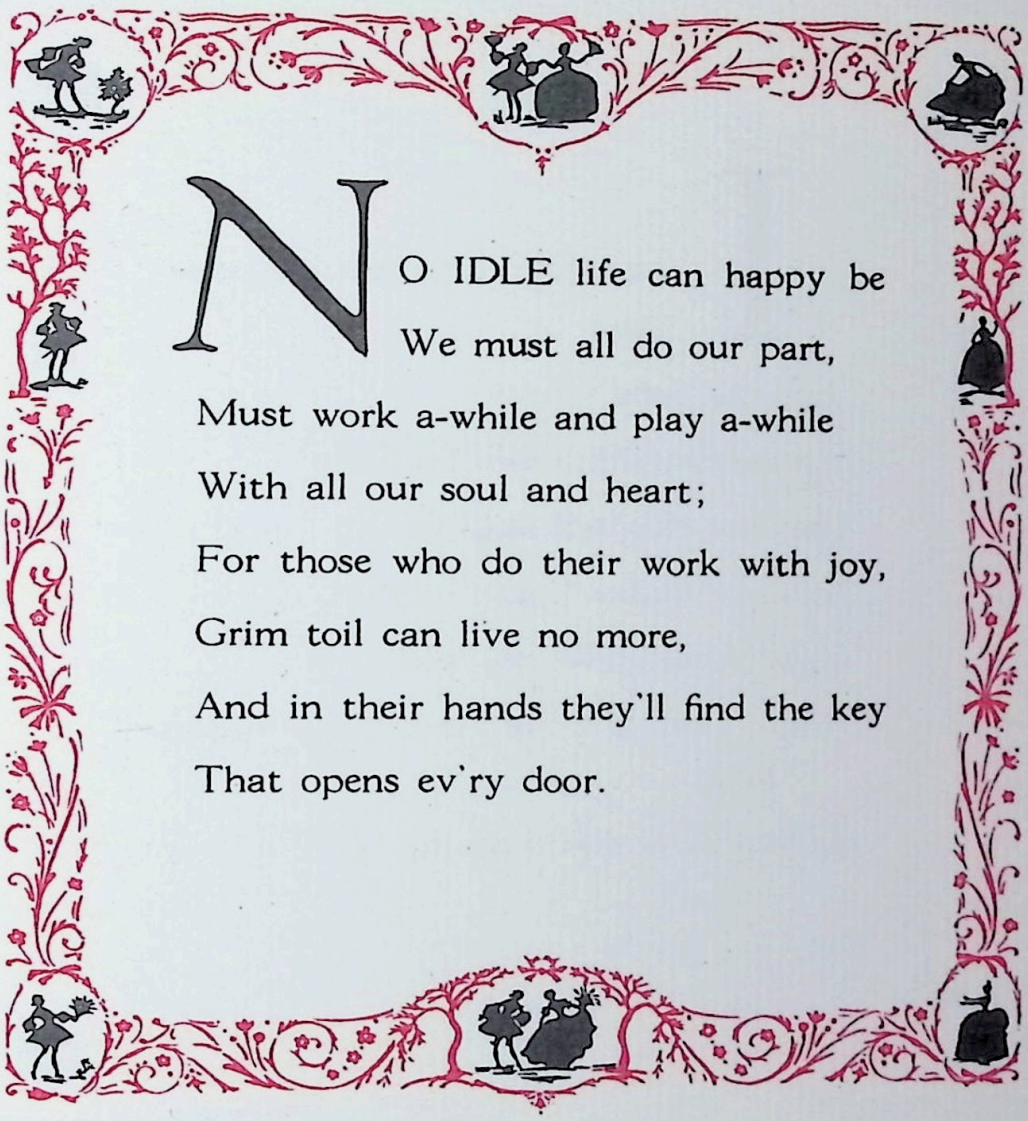
The door that led to God.

And as I looked inside I saw

These words upon the wall;

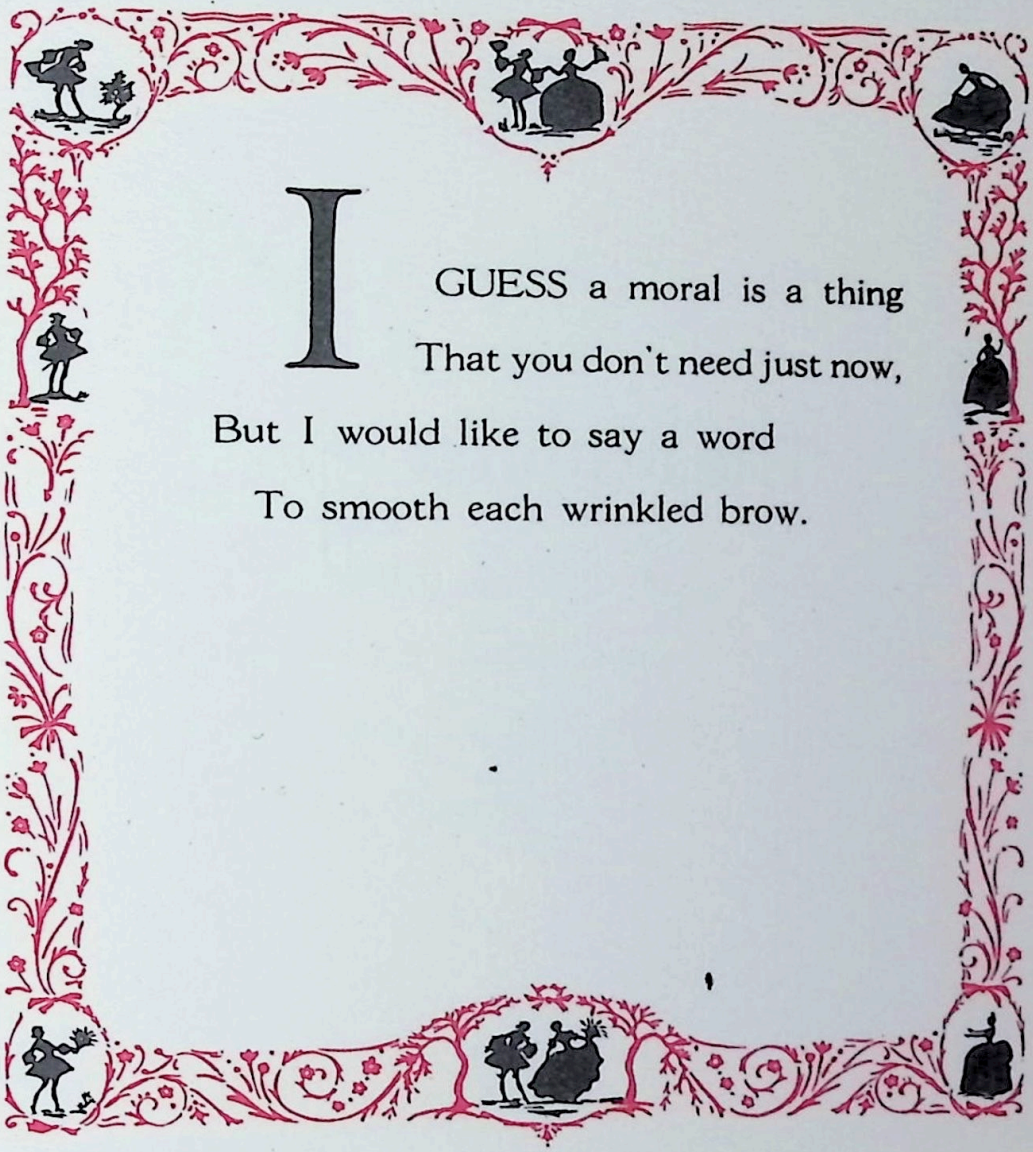
"Your God is Love, and Love brings work,

There's Love and work for all."

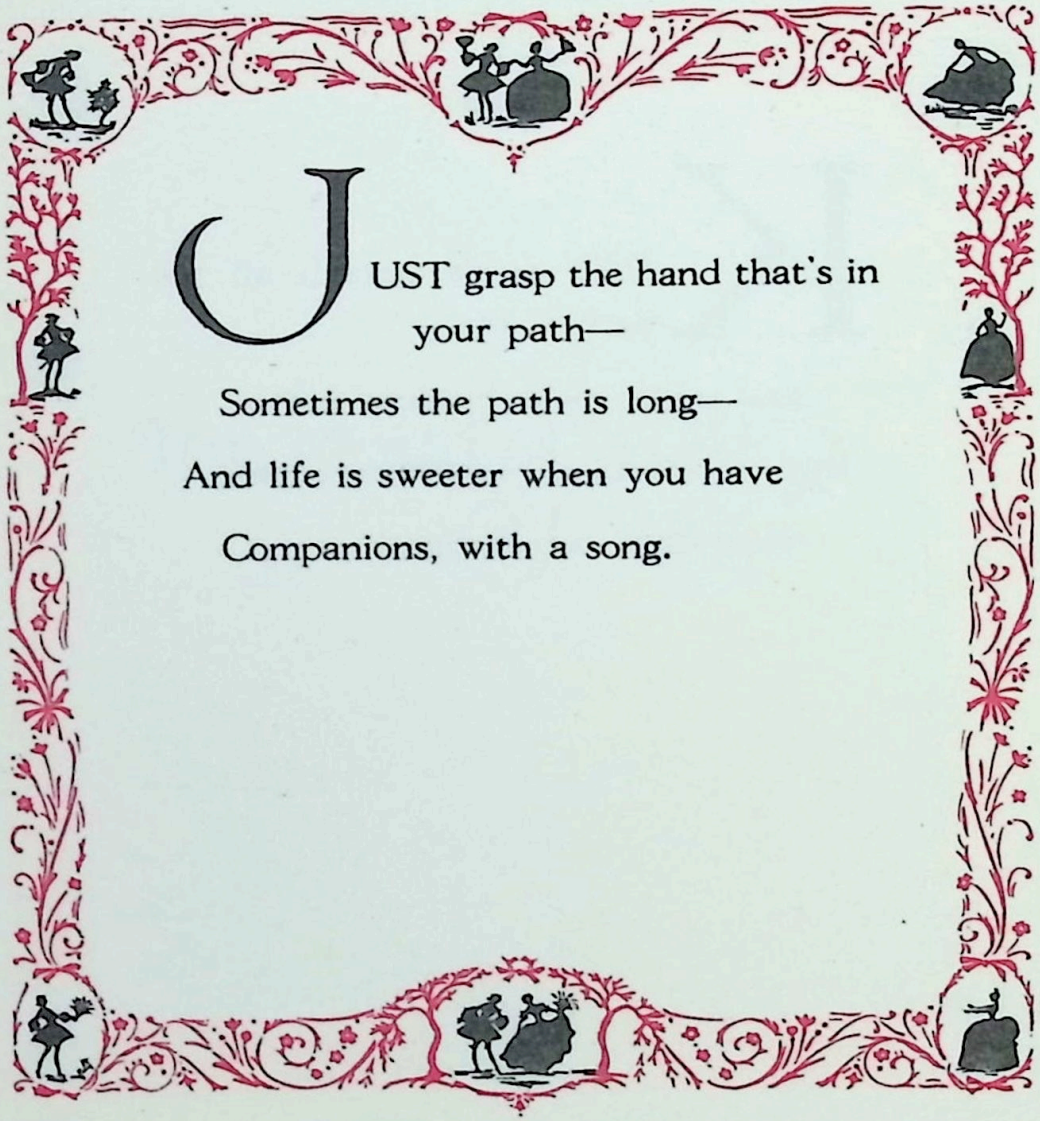


NO IDLE life can happy be
We must all do our part,
Must work a-while and play a-while
With all our soul and heart;
For those who do their work with joy,
Grim toil can live no more,
And in their hands they'll find the key
That opens ev'ry door.

The Path o' Life



I GUESS a moral is a thing
That you don't need just now,
But I would like to say a word
To smooth each wrinkled brow.

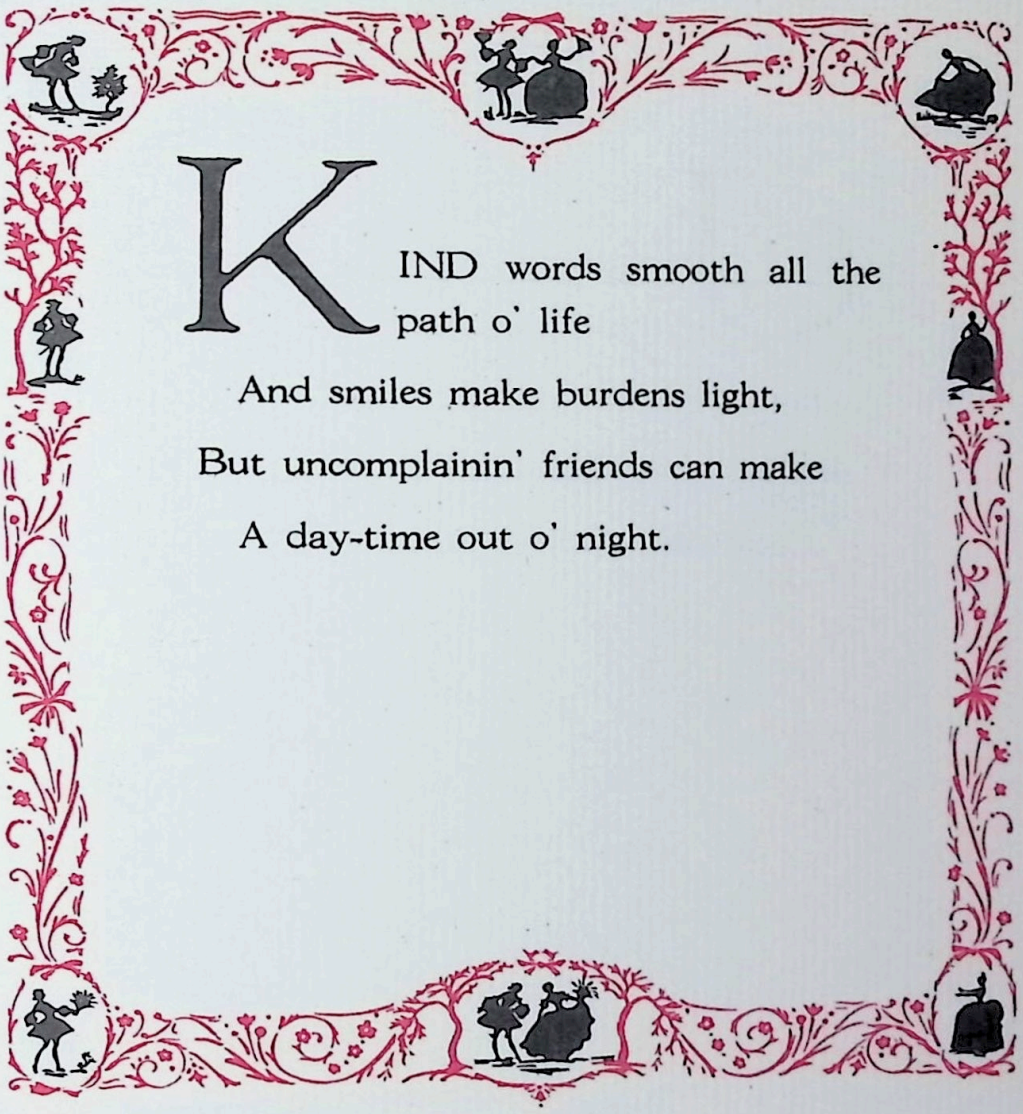


JUST grasp the hand that's in
your path—

Sometimes the path is long—

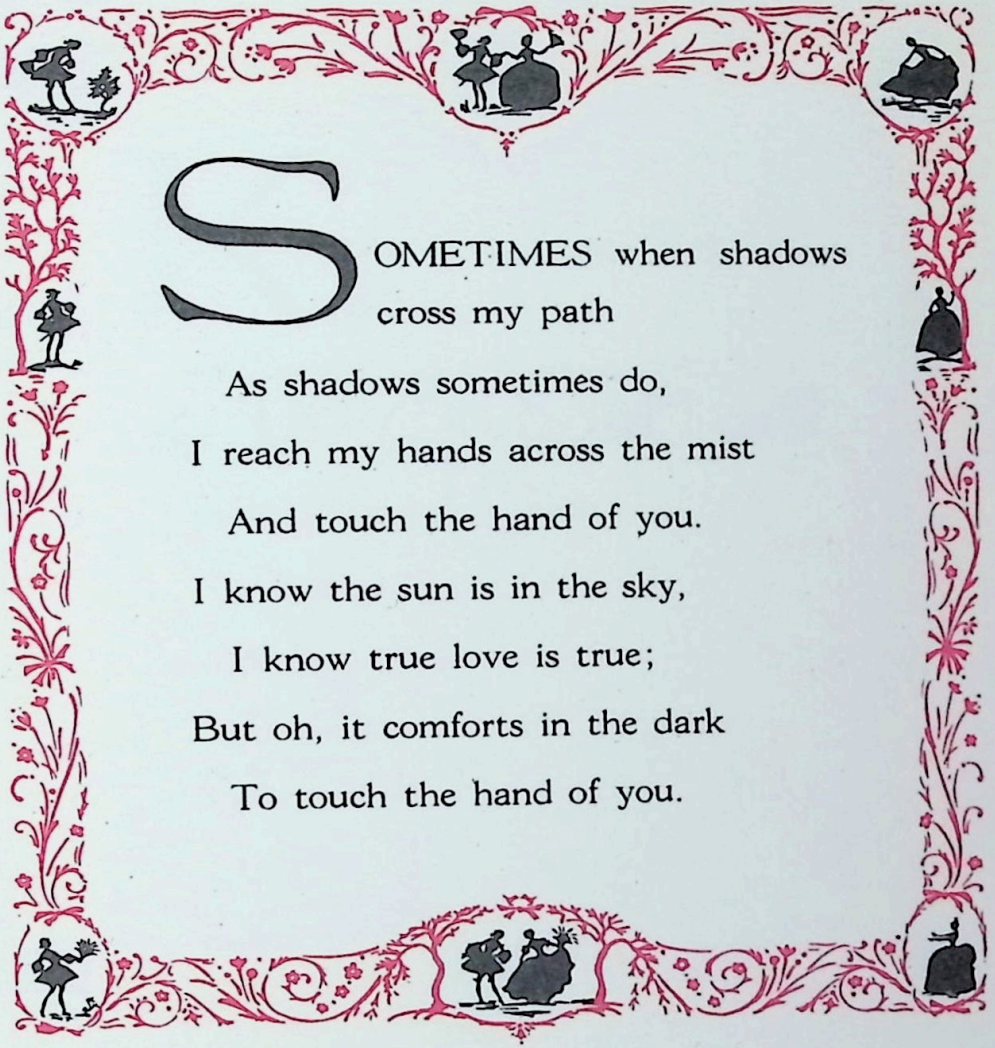
And life is sweeter when you have

Companions, with a song.

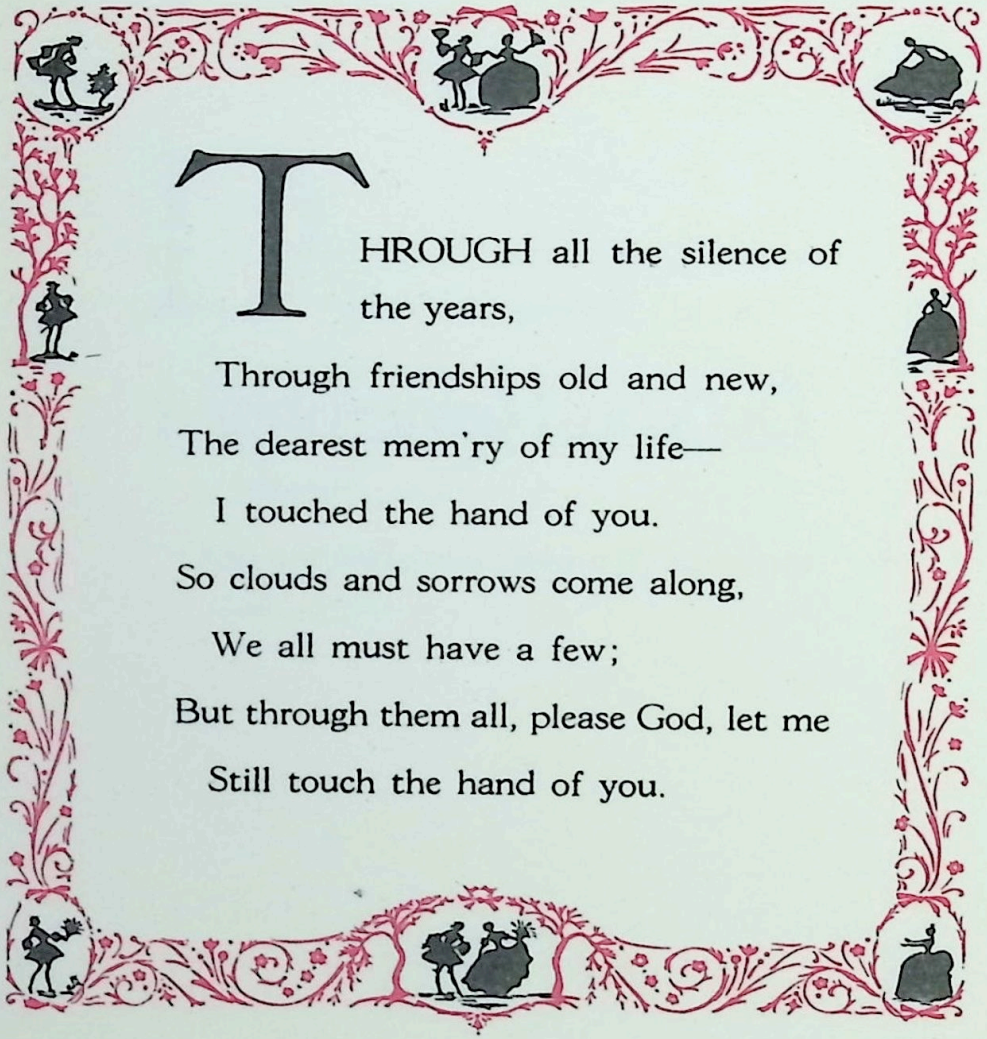


KIND words smooth all the path o' life
And smiles make burdens light,
But uncomplainin' friends can make
A day-time out o' night.

The Hand of YOU

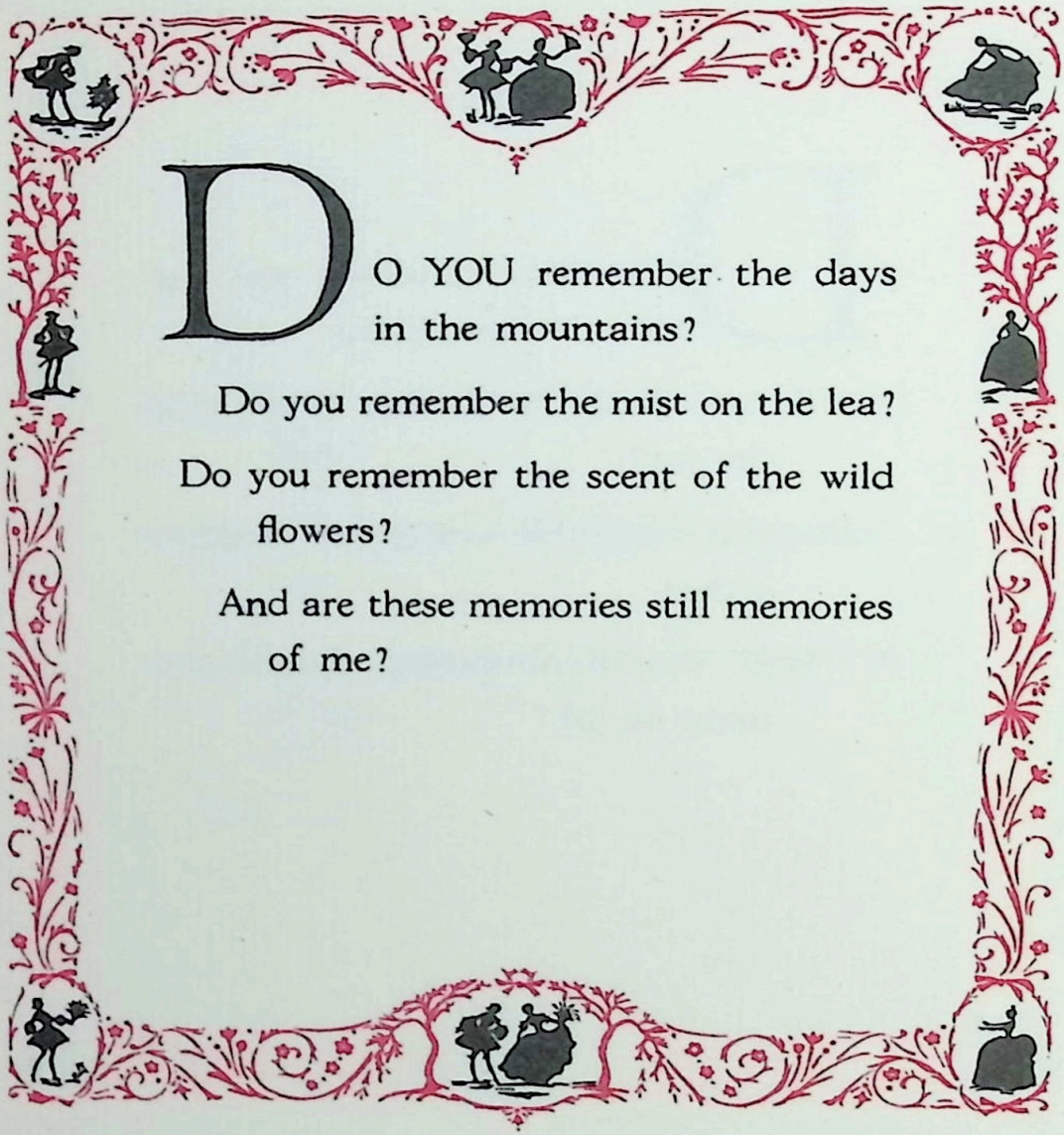


SOMETIMES when shadows
cross my path
As shadows sometimes do,
I reach my hands across the mist
And touch the hand of you.
I know the sun is in the sky,
I know true love is true;
But oh, it comforts in the dark
To touch the hand of you.



THROUGH all the silence of the years,
Through friendships old and new,
The dearest mem'ry of my life—
I touched the hand of you.
So clouds and sorrows come along,
We all must have a few;
But through them all, please God, let me
Still touch the hand of you.

Do You Remember?

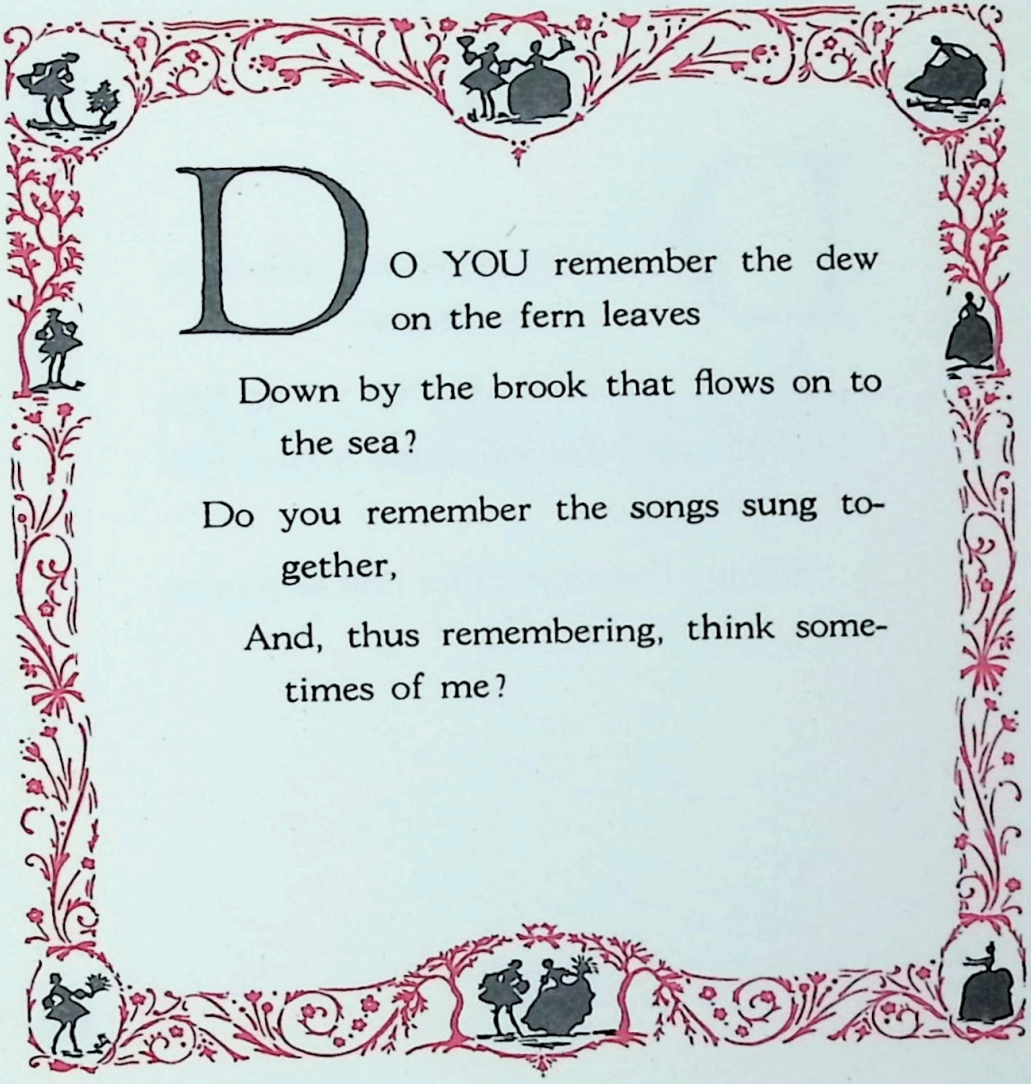


DO YOU remember the days in the mountains?

Do you remember the mist on the lea?

Do you remember the scent of the wild flowers?

And are these memories still memories of me?

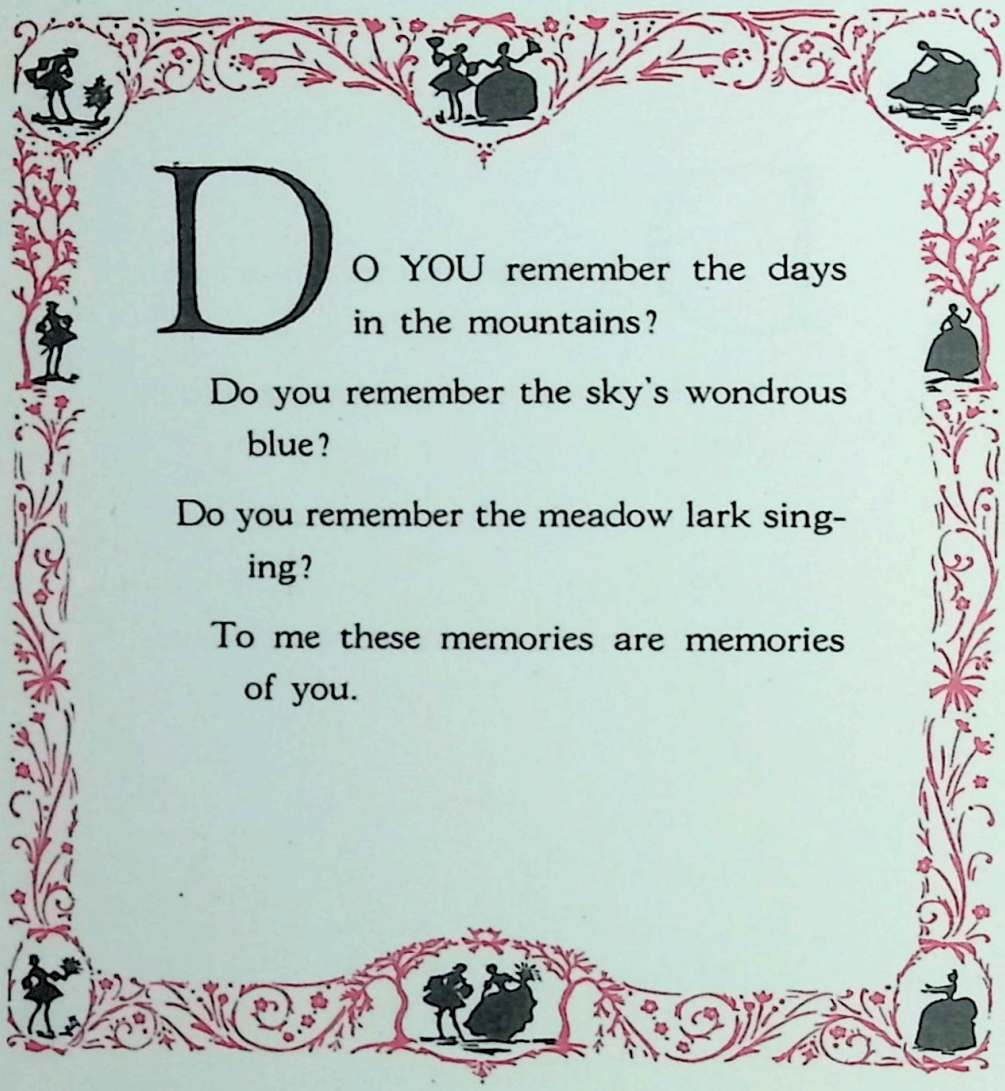


DO YOU remember the dew
on the fern leaves

Down by the brook that flows on to
the sea?

Do you remember the songs sung to-
gether,

And, thus remembering, think some-
times of me?

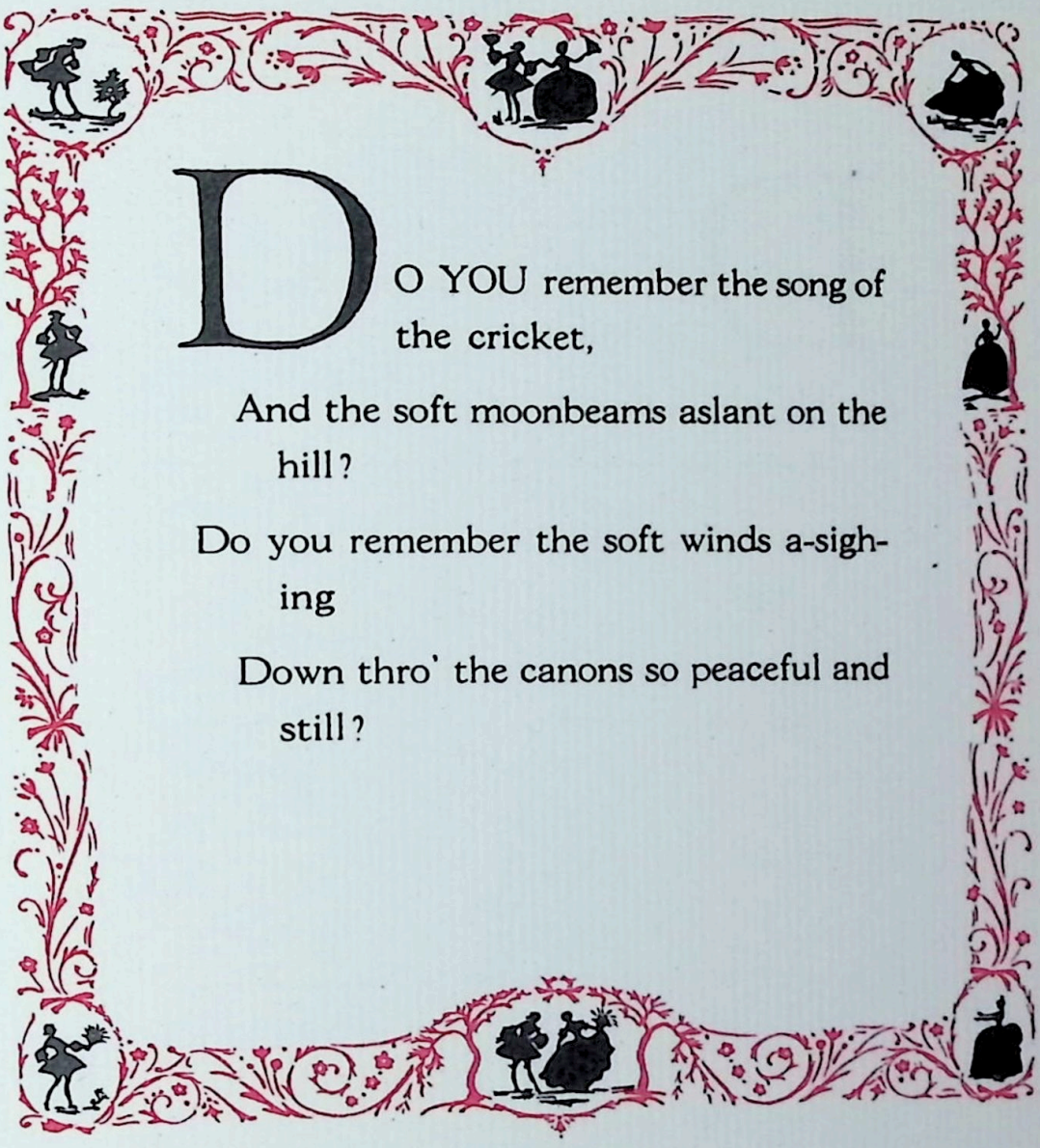


DO YOU remember the days in the mountains?

Do you remember the sky's wondrous blue?

Do you remember the meadow lark singing?

To me these memories are memories of you.

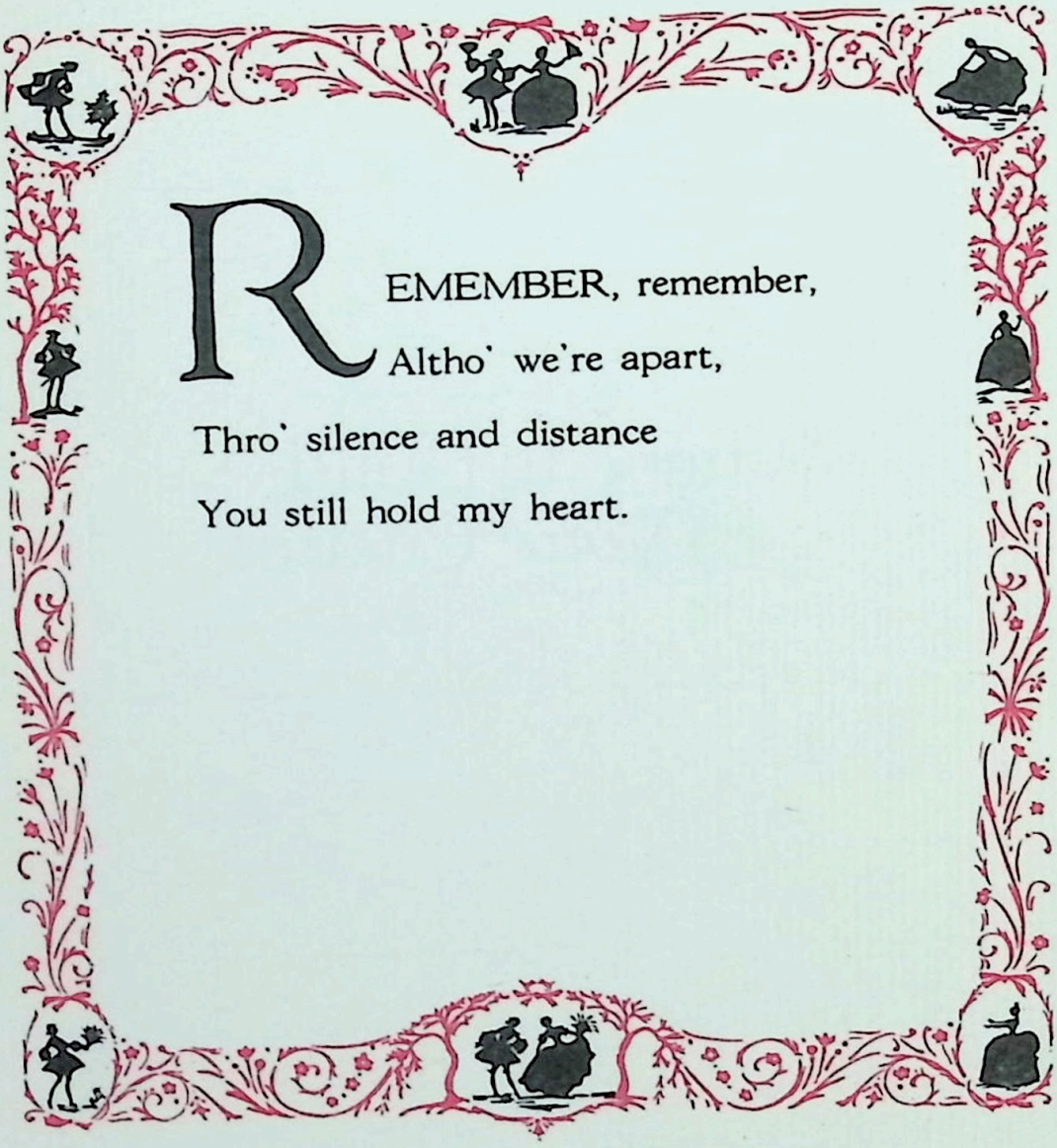


DO YOU remember the song of the cricket,

And the soft moonbeams aslant on the hill?

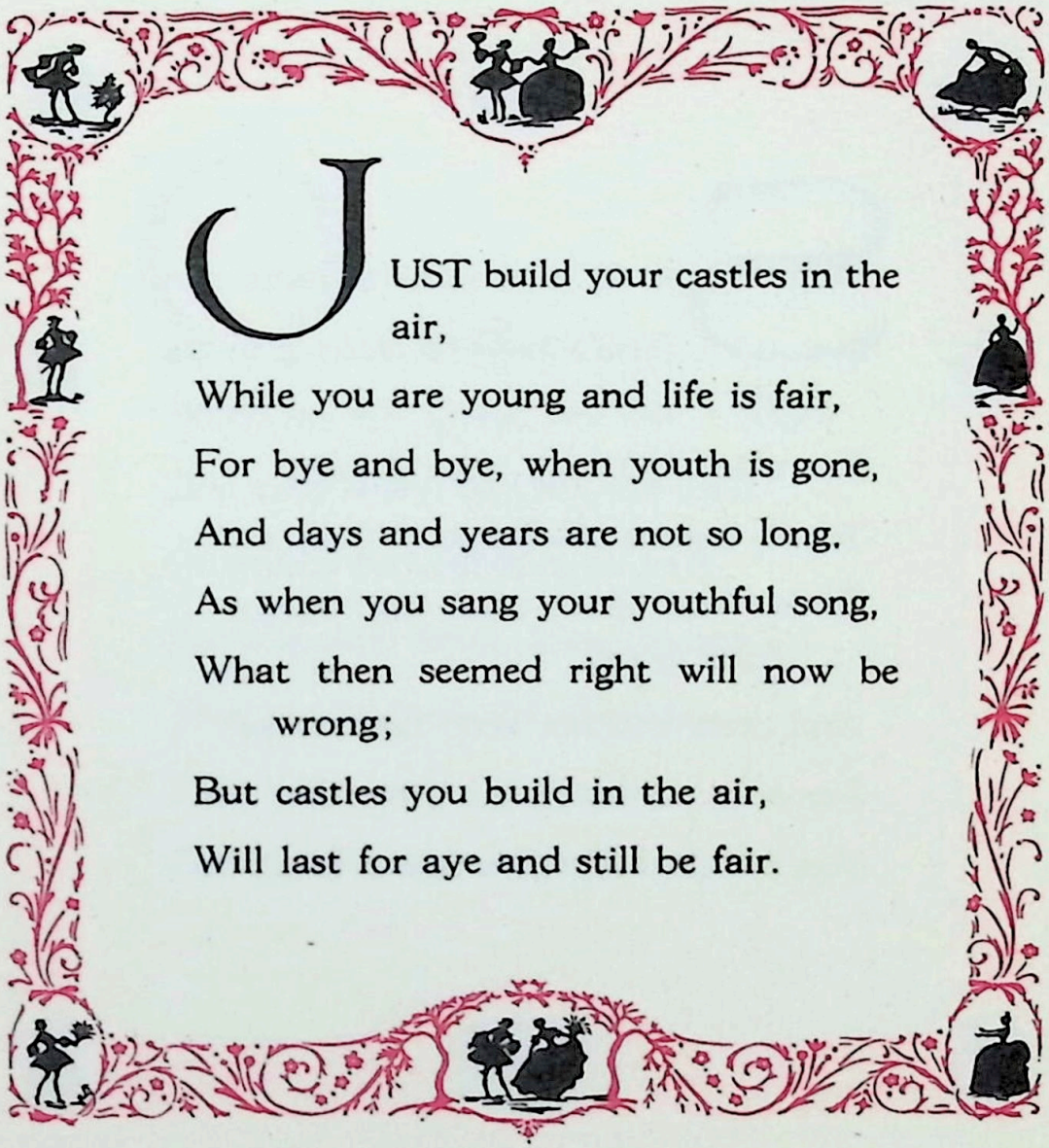
Do you remember the soft winds a-sighing

Down thro' the canons so peaceful and still?

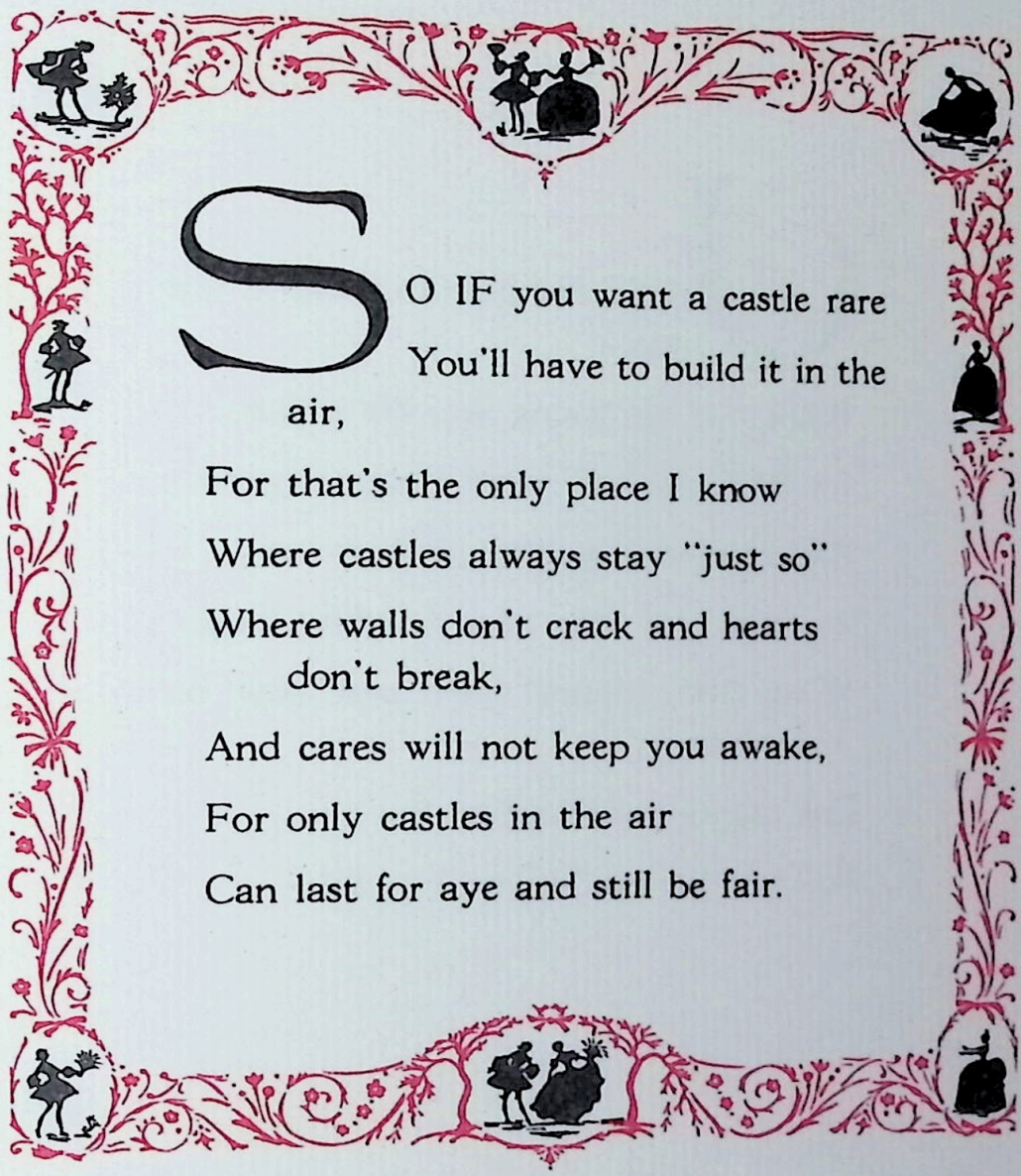


REMEMBER, remember,
Altho' we're apart,
Thro' silence and distance
You still hold my heart.

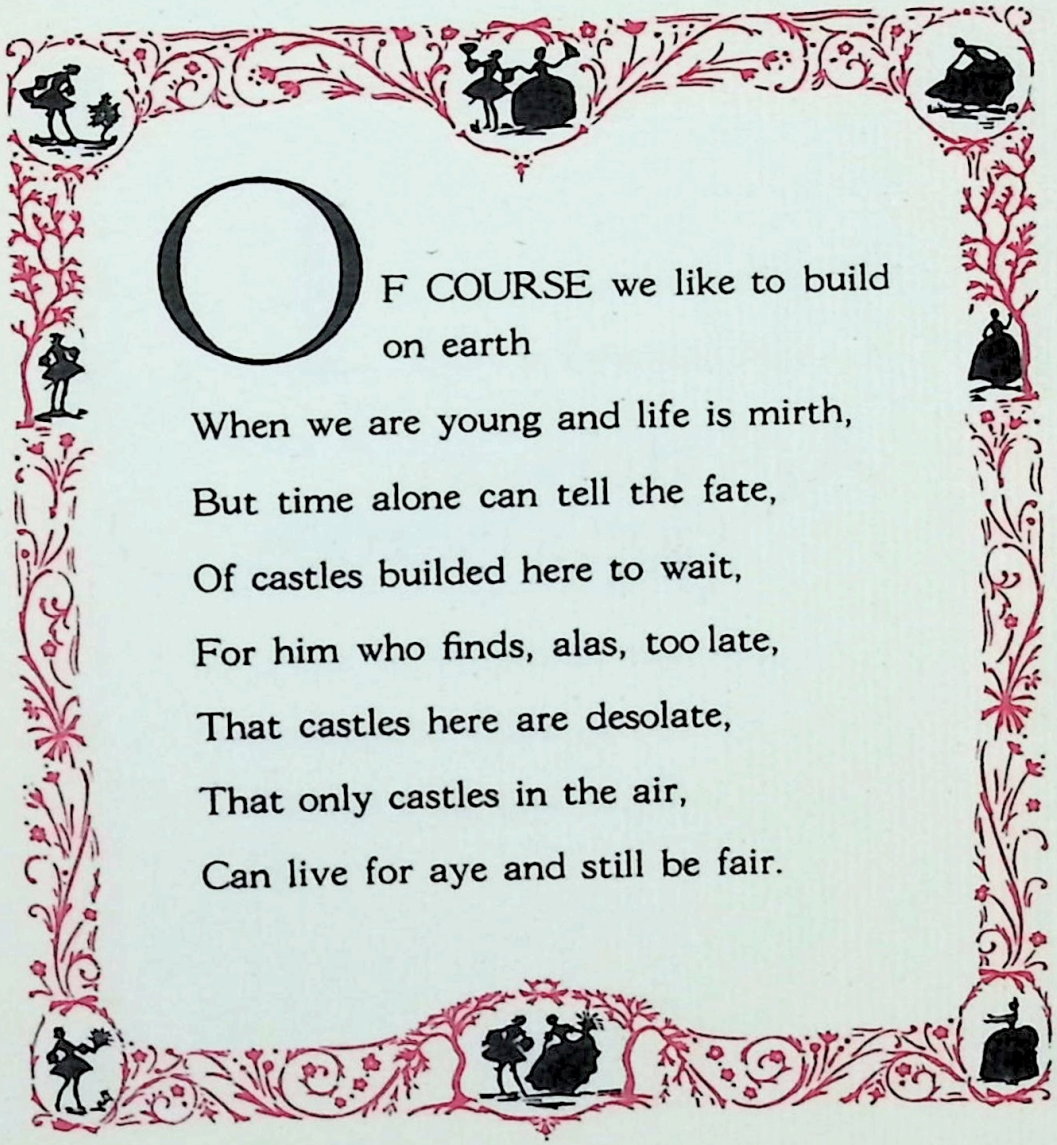
Where to Build *Your* Castles



JUST build your castles in the air,
While you are young and life is fair,
For bye and bye, when youth is gone,
And days and years are not so long.
As when you sang your youthful song,
What then seemed right will now be wrong;
But castles you build in the air,
Will last for aye and still be fair.



SO IF you want a castle rare
You'll have to build it in the air,
For that's the only place I know
Where castles always stay "just so"
Where walls don't crack and hearts don't break,
And cares will not keep you awake,
For only castles in the air
Can last for aye and still be fair.



OF COURSE we like to build
on earth

When we are young and life is mirth,

But time alone can tell the fate,

Of castles builded here to wait,

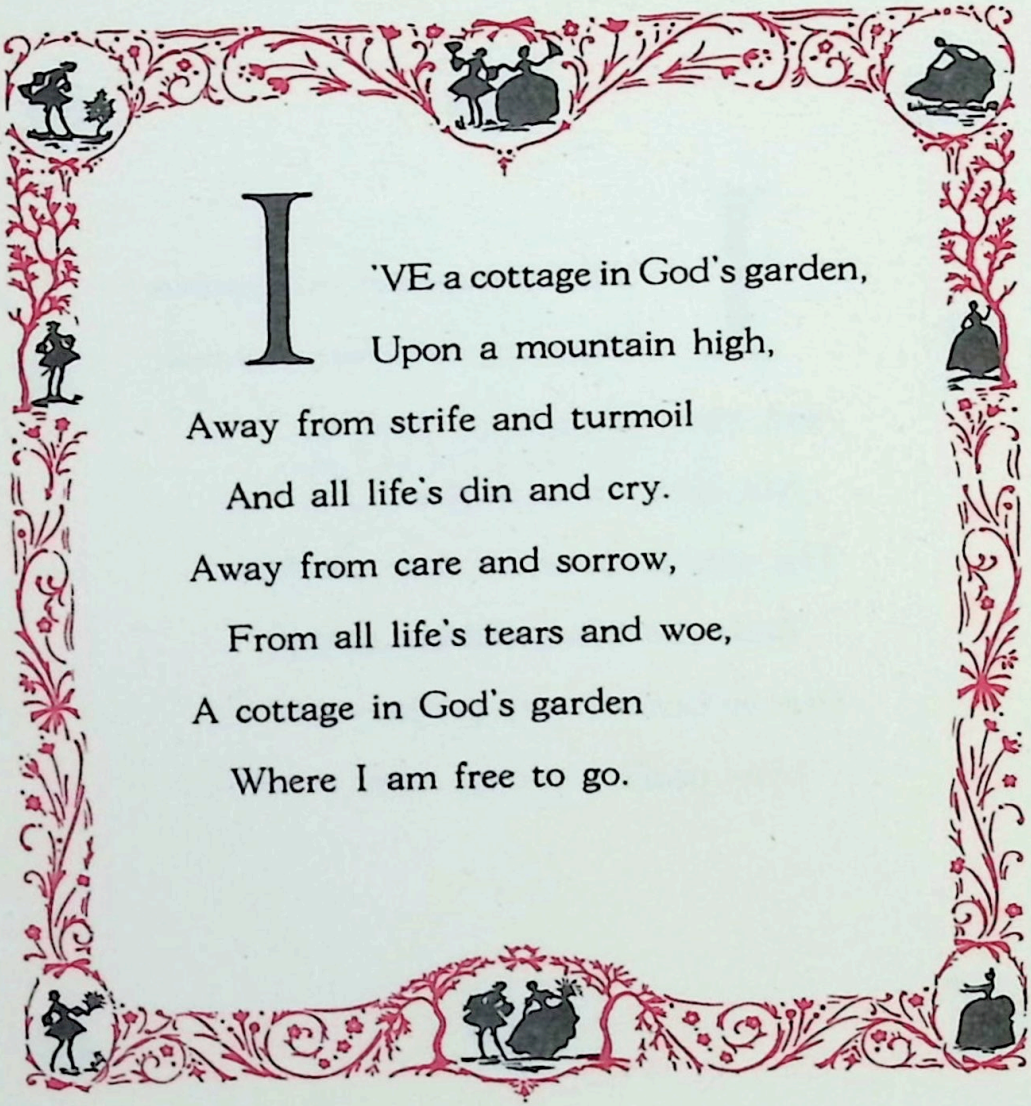
For him who finds, alas, too late,

That castles here are desolate,

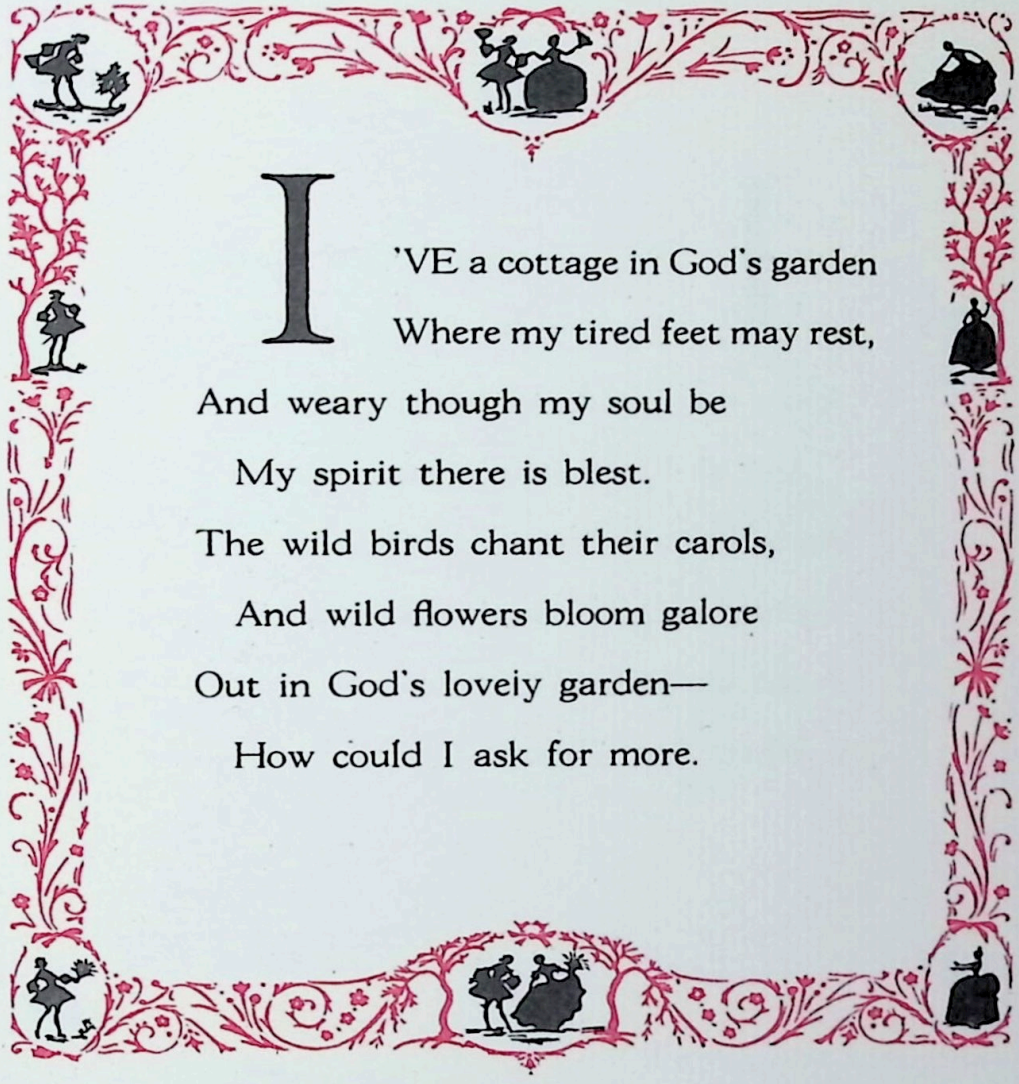
That only castles in the air,

Can live for aye and still be fair.

A Cottage in God's Garden

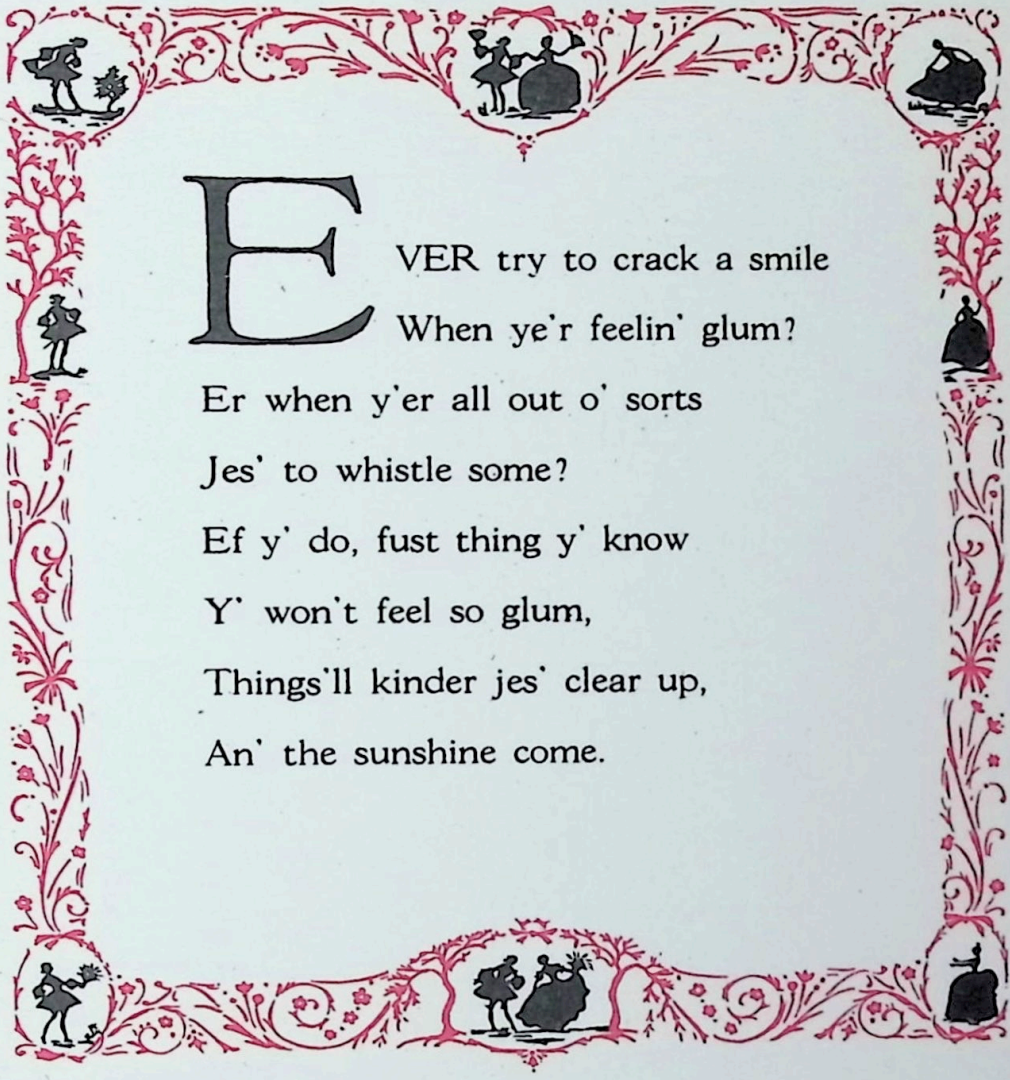


I'VE a cottage in God's garden,
Upon a mountain high,
Away from strife and turmoil
And all life's din and cry.
Away from care and sorrow,
From all life's tears and woe,
A cottage in God's garden
Where I am free to go.

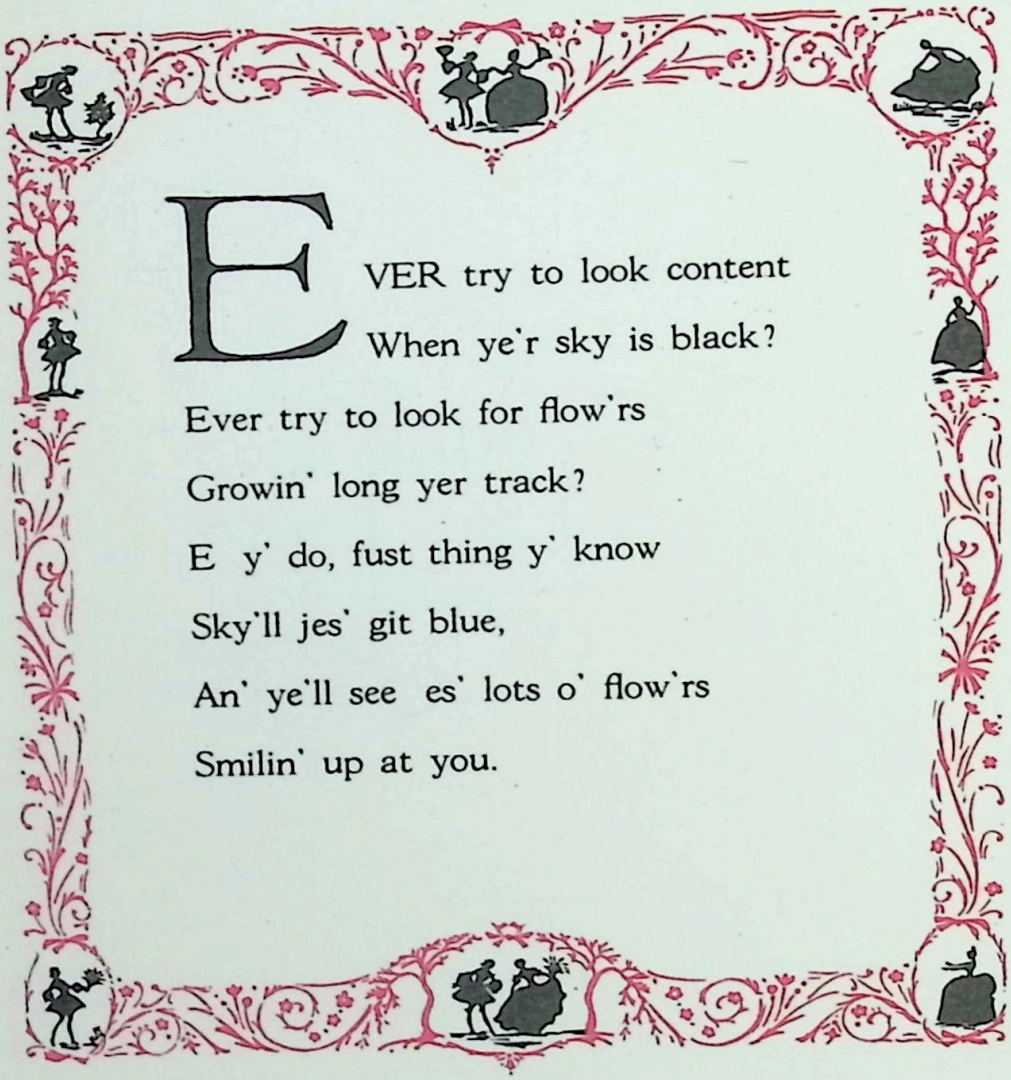


I 'VE a cottage in God's garden
Where my tired feet may rest,
And weary though my soul be
My spirit there is blest.
The wild birds chant their carols,
And wild flowers bloom galore
Out in God's loveiy garden—
How could I ask for more.

Sunshine

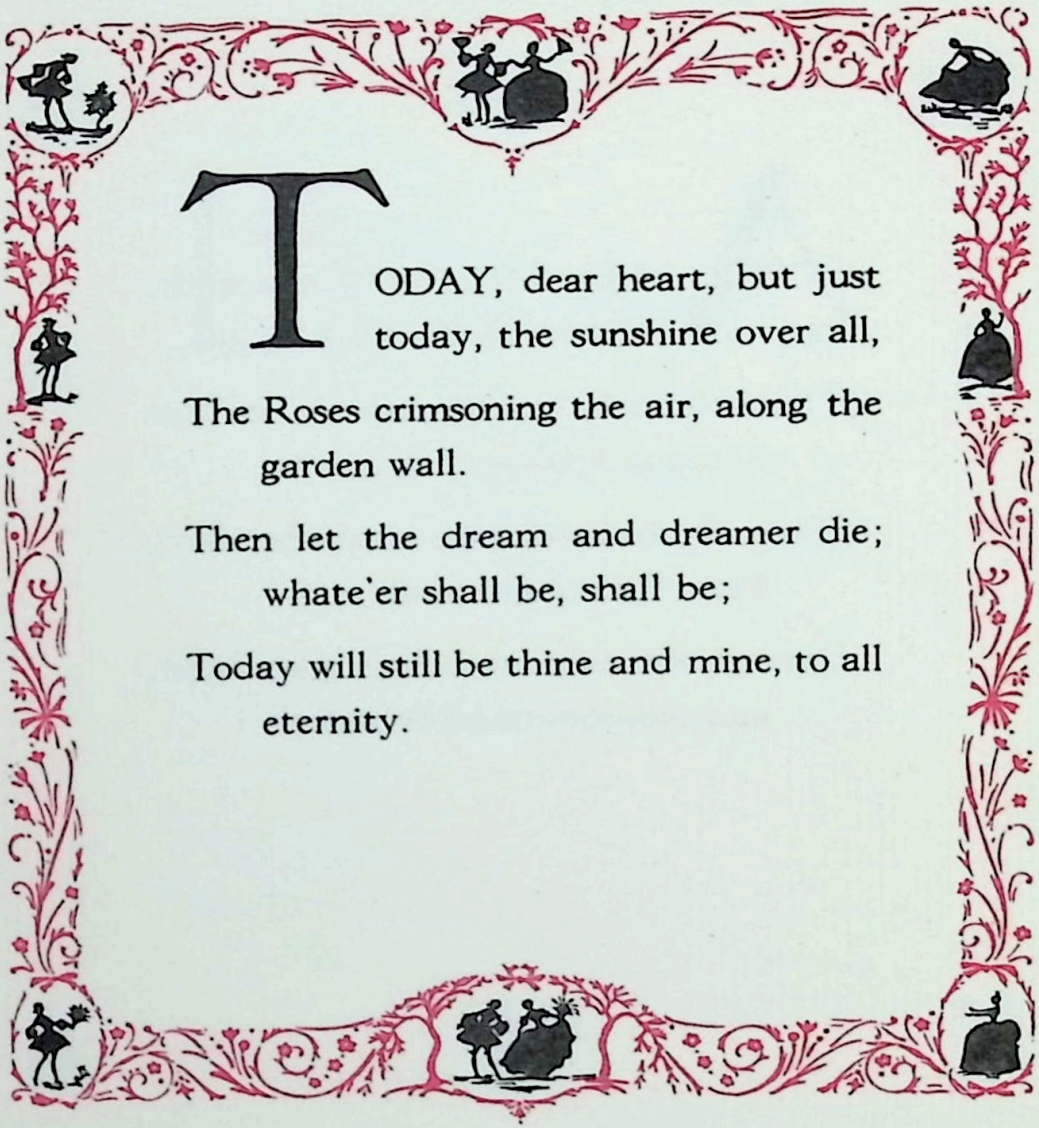


EVER try to crack a smile
When ye'r feelin' glum?
Er when y'er all out o' sorts
Jes' to whistle some?
Ef y' do, fust thing y' know
Y' won't feel so glum,
Things'll kinder jes' clear up,
An' the sunshine come.

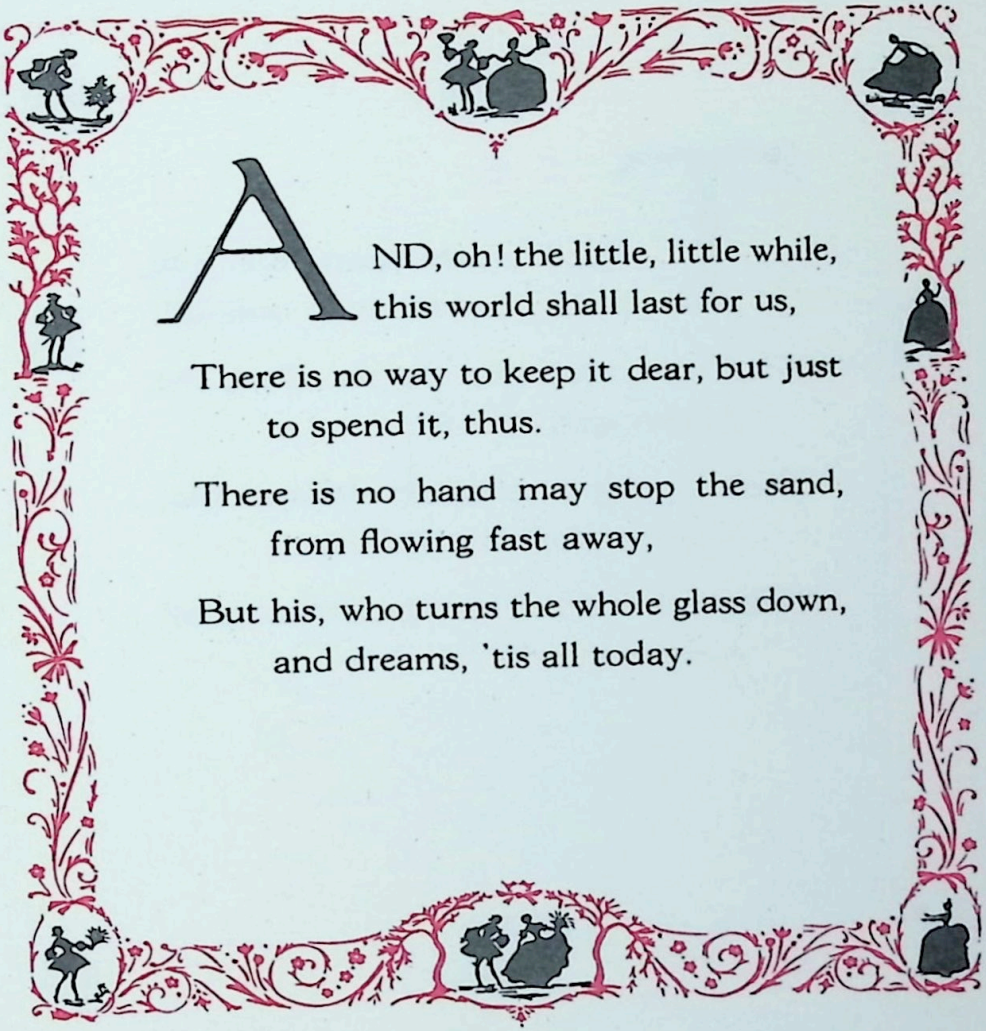


EVER try to look content
When ye'r sky is black?
Ever try to look for flow'rs
Growin' long yer track?
E y' do, fust thing y' know
Sky'll jes' git blue,
An' ye'll see es' lots o' flow'rs
Smilin' up at you.

Today



TODAY, dear heart, but just
today, the sunshine over all,
The Roses crimsoning the air, along the
garden wall.
Then let the dream and dreamer die;
whate'er shall be, shall be;
Today will still be thine and mine, to all
eternity.

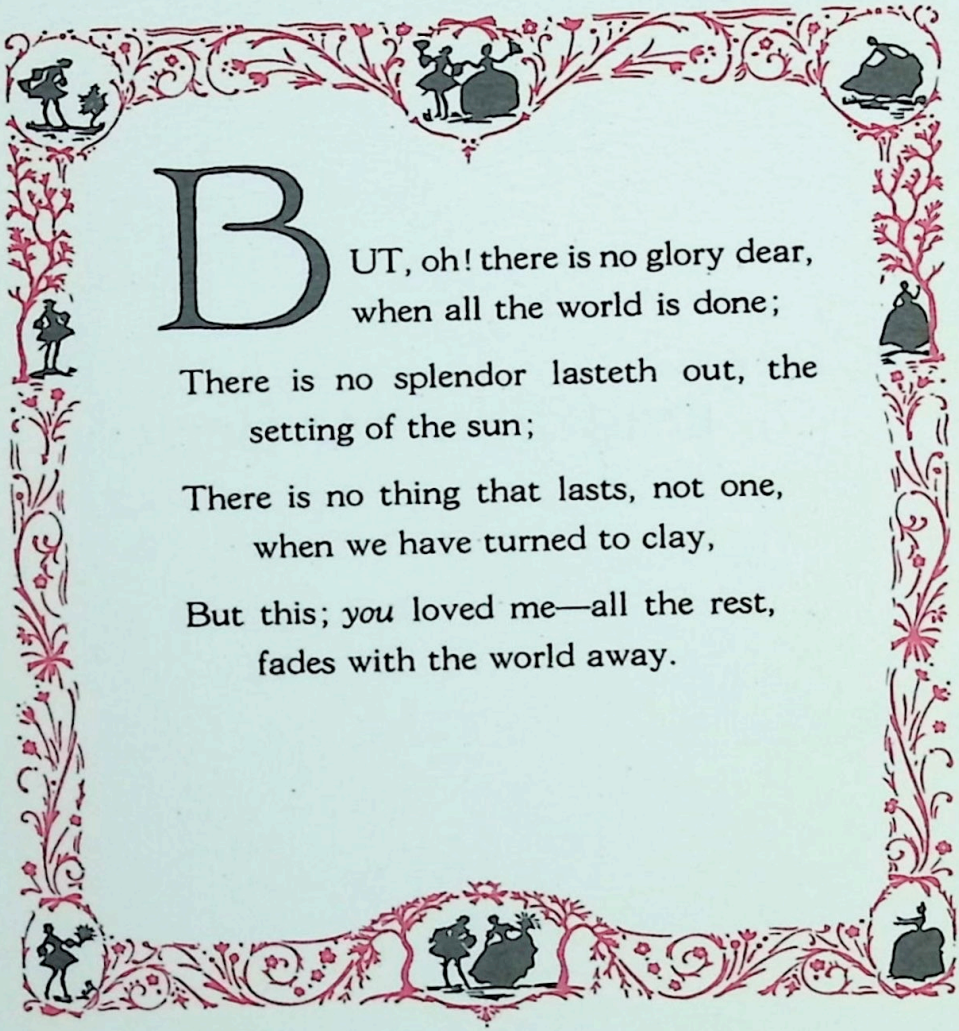


AND, oh! the little, little while,
this world shall last for us,

There is no way to keep it dear, but just
to spend it, thus.

There is no hand may stop the sand,
from flowing fast away,

But his, who turns the whole glass down,
and dreams, 'tis all today.



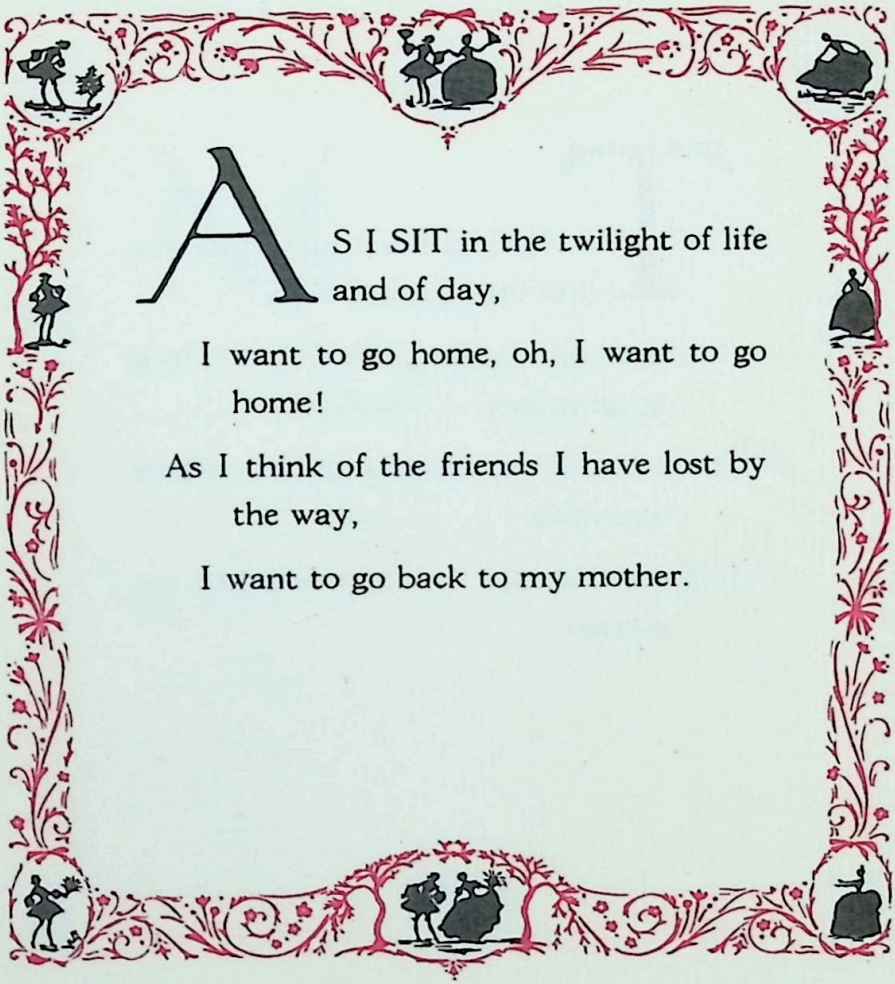
BUT, oh! there is no glory dear,
when all the world is done;

There is no splendor lasteth out, the
setting of the sun;

There is no thing that lasts, not one,
when we have turned to clay,

But this; *you* loved me—all the rest,
fades with the world away.

Oh! Time Take Me Back

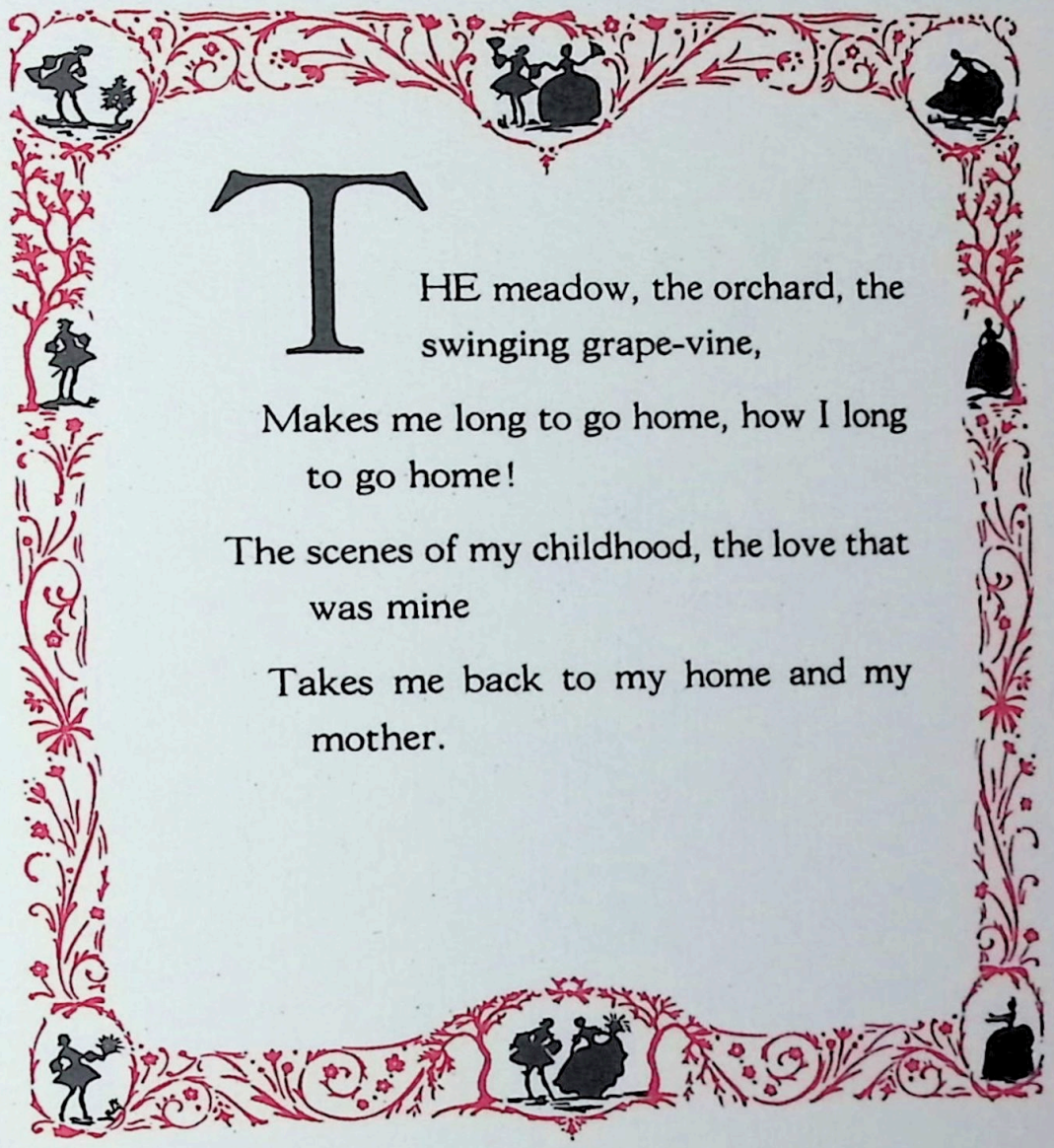


AS I SIT in the twilight of life and of day,

I want to go home, oh, I want to go home!

As I think of the friends I have lost by the way,

I want to go back to my mother.

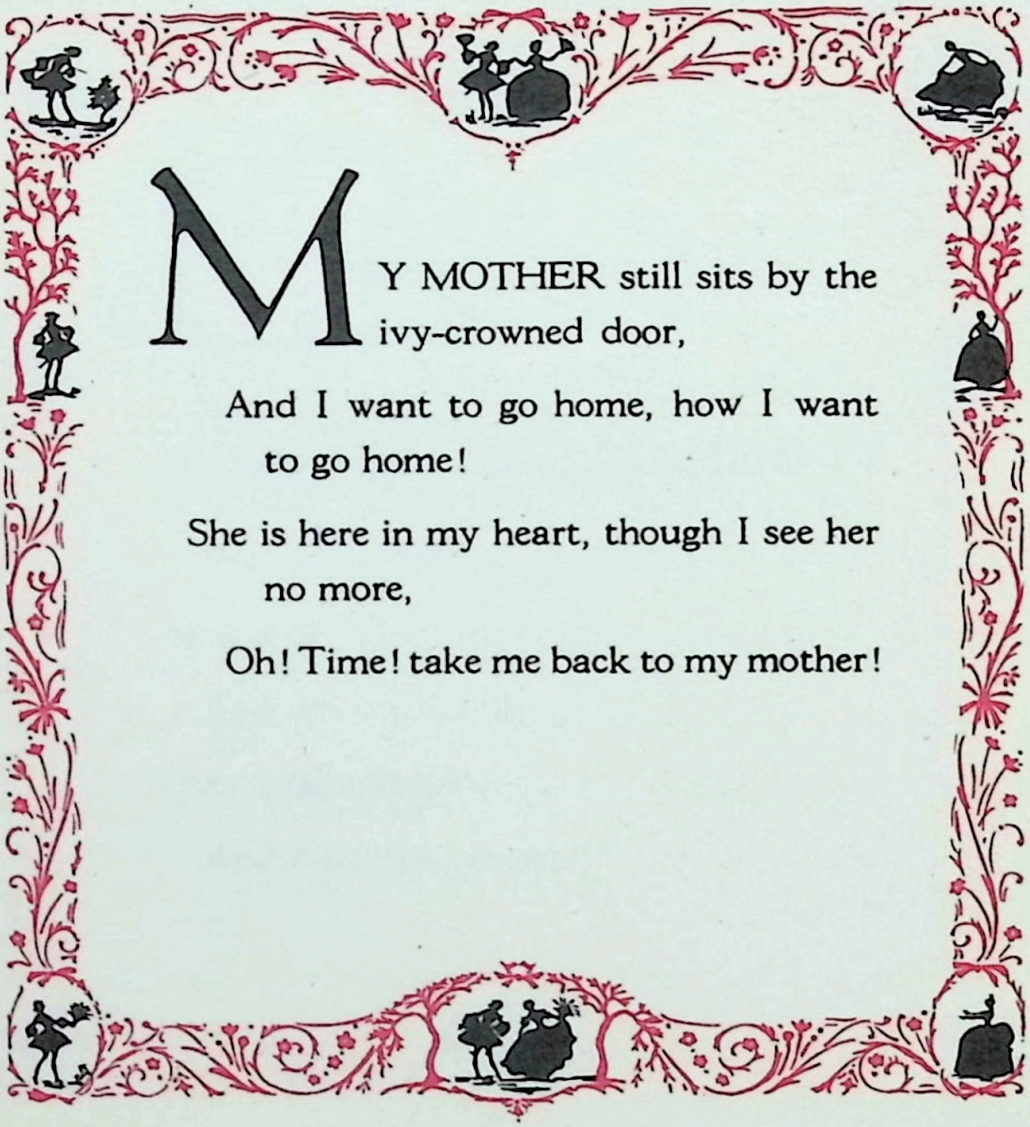


THE meadow, the orchard, the swinging grape-vine,

Makes me long to go home, how I long to go home!

The scenes of my childhood, the love that was mine

Takes me back to my home and my mother.



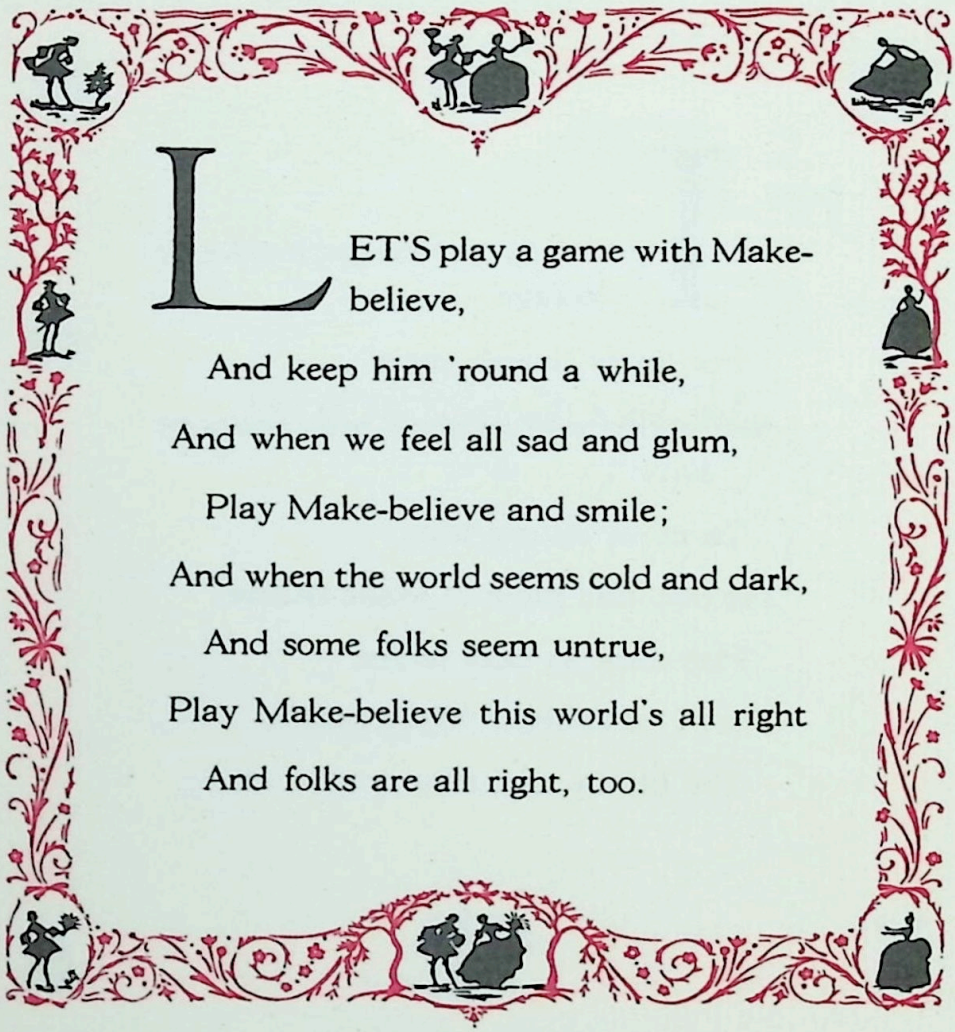
MY MOTHER still sits by the ivy-crowned door,

And I want to go home, how I want to go home!

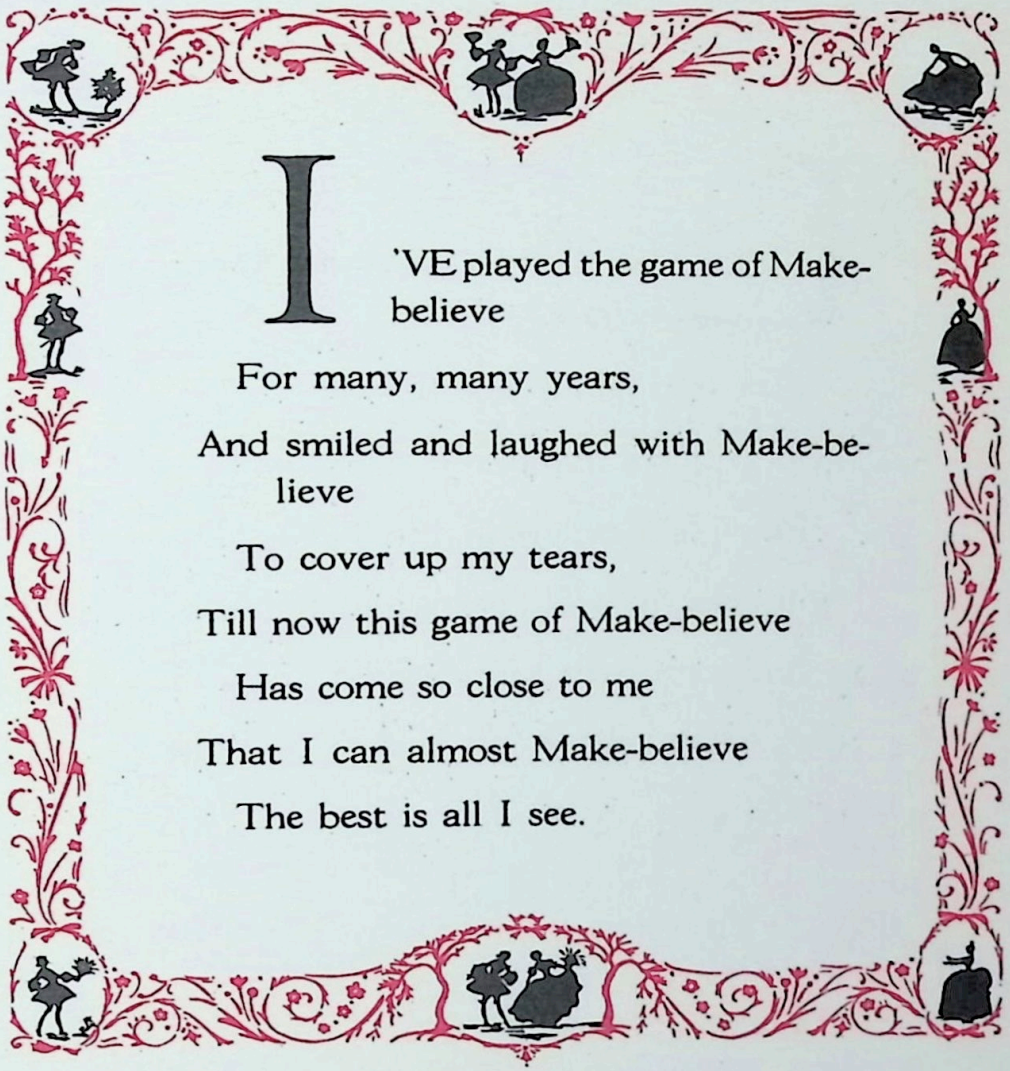
She is here in my heart, though I see her no more,

Oh! Time! take me back to my mother!

Play Make Believe

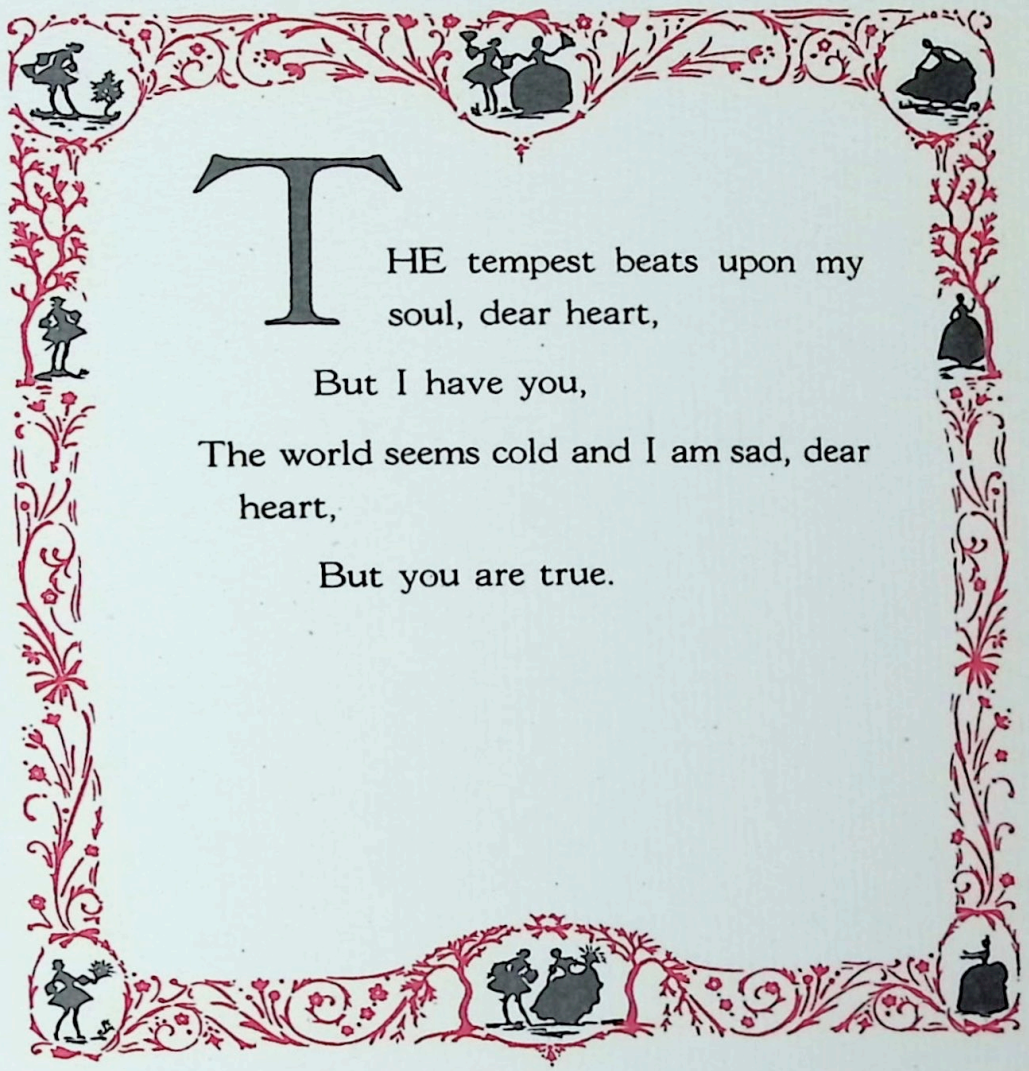


LET'S play a game with Make-believe,
And keep him 'round a while,
And when we feel all sad and glum,
Play Make-believe and smile;
And when the world seems cold and dark,
And some folks seem untrue,
Play Make-believe this world's all right
And folks are all right, too.



I 'VE played the game of Make-believe
For many, many years,
And smiled and laughed with Make-believe
To cover up my tears,
Till now this game of Make-believe
Has come so close to me
That I can almost Make-believe
The best is all I see.

But I Have You

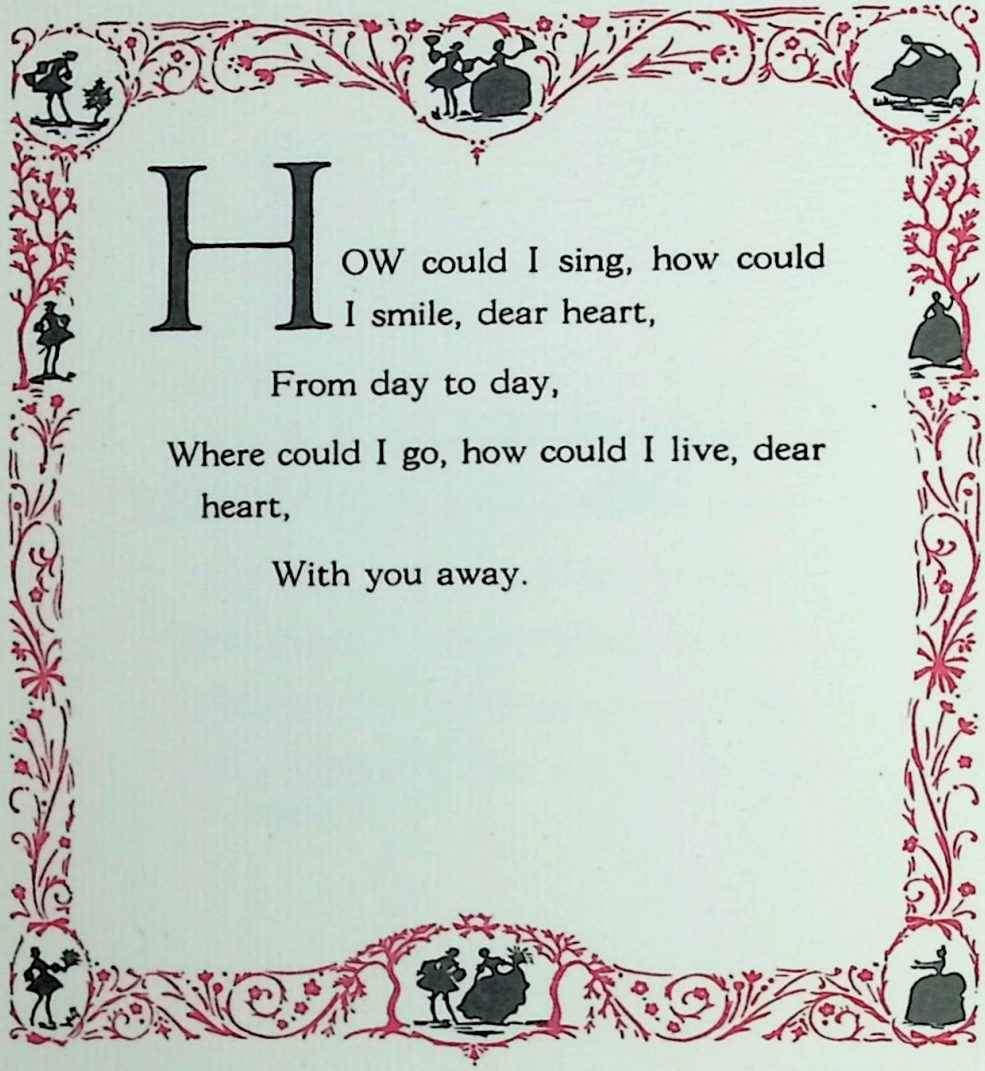


THE tempest beats upon my soul, dear heart,

But I have you,

The world seems cold and I am sad, dear heart,

But you are true.



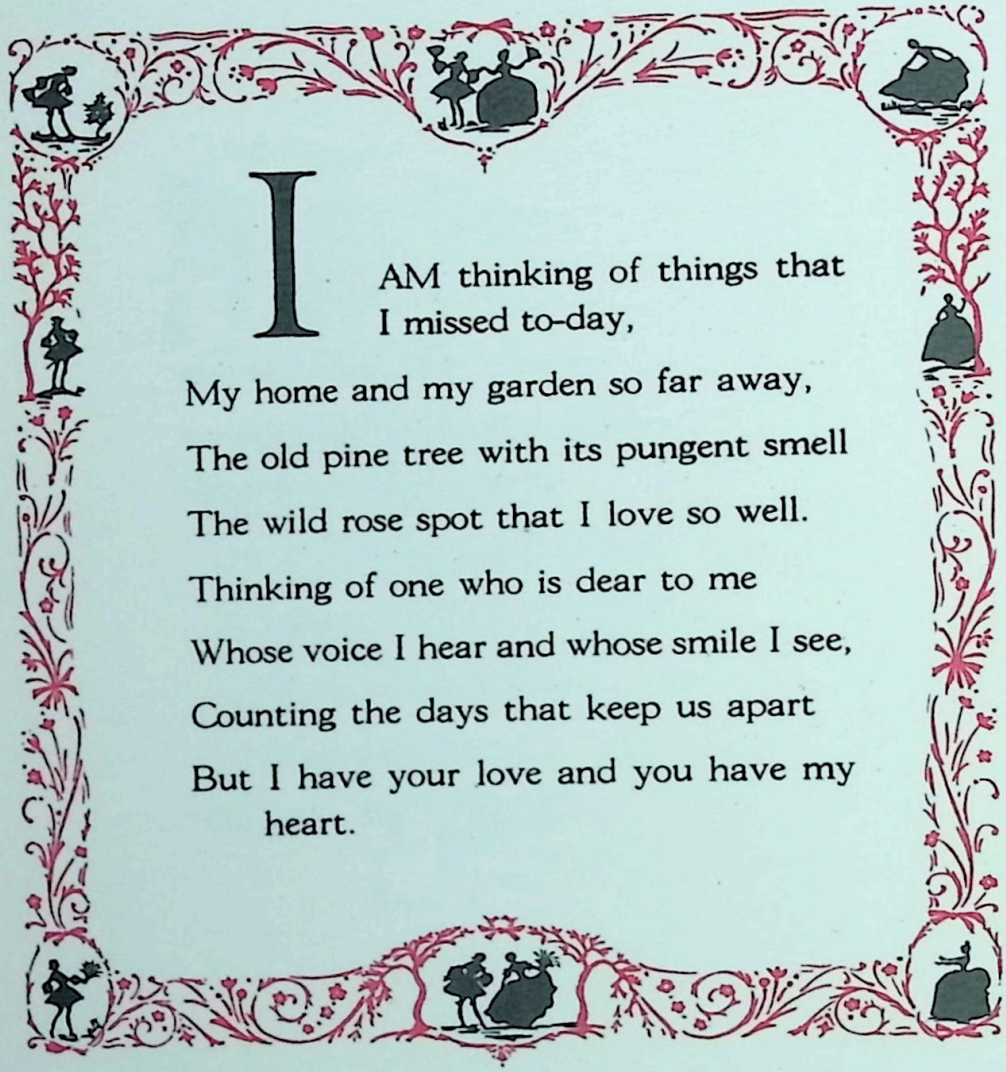
HOW could I sing, how could
I smile, dear heart,

From day to day,

Where could I go, how could I live, dear
heart,

With you away.

Thinking of One Who is Dear to Me



I AM thinking of things that
I missed to-day,

My home and my garden so far away,

The old pine tree with its pungent smell

The wild rose spot that I love so well.

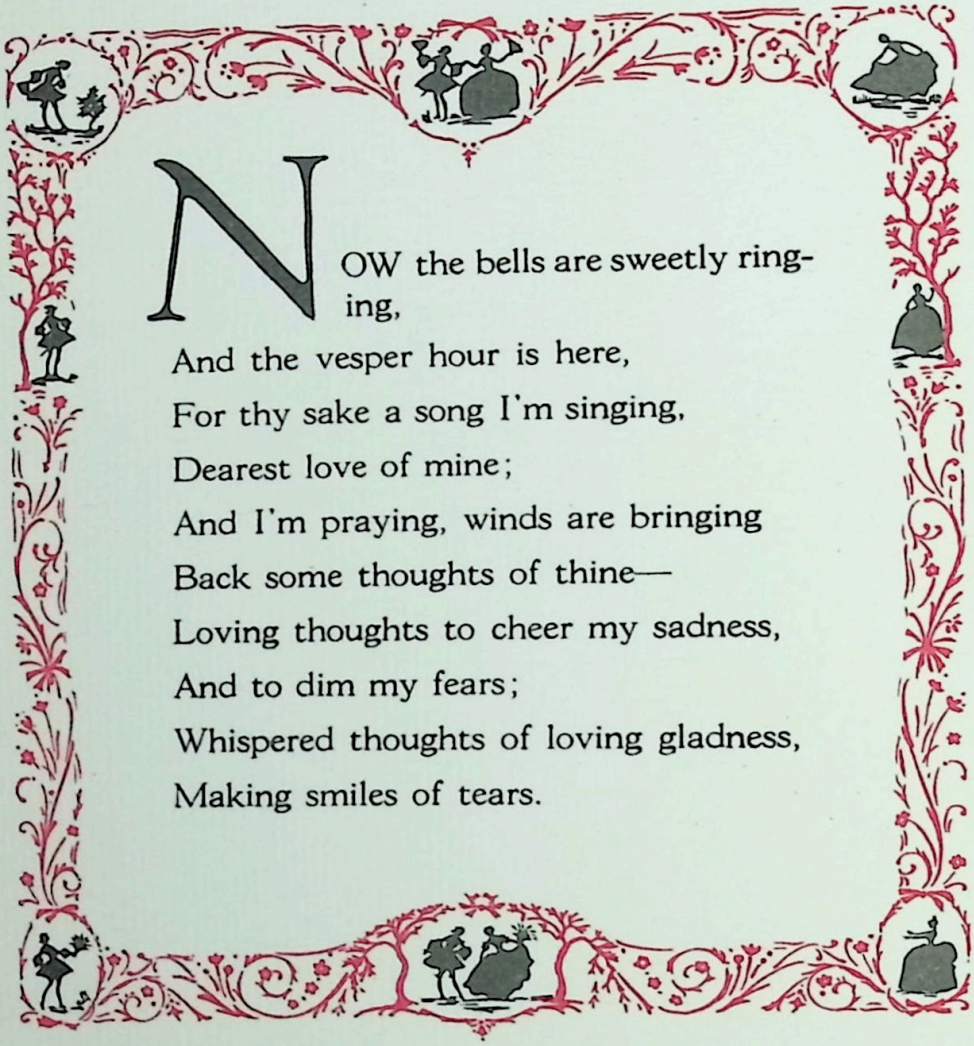
Thinking of one who is dear to me

Whose voice I hear and whose smile I see,

Counting the days that keep us apart

But I have your love and you have my
heart.

The Angelus



NOW the bells are sweetly ringing,
And the vesper hour is here,
For thy sake a song I'm singing,
Dearest love of mine;
And I'm praying, winds are bringing
Back some thoughts of thine—
Loving thoughts to cheer my sadness,
And to dim my fears;
Whispered thoughts of loving gladness,
Making smiles of tears.